NO. 33
PEP
NOV.
The SHIELD
DO YOU KNOW THAT THE WHOLE COUNTRY IS TALKING ABOUT CAPT. COMMANDO!!
10¢
MLJ

USE THIS ENTIRE COUPON!!

JUST PRINT PLAINLY ON THIS COUPON, YOUR NAME, ADDRESS, AGE AND SEND IT TO ME WITH 10c TO COVER COST OF MAILING AND HANDLING.

Joe Higgins
Room 315
60 Hudson St.
New York City

Dear Joe:
Please enroll me as a member of the **SHIELD G-MAN CLUB.** I am enclosing this coupon together with Ten Cents to cover the costs of handling and mailing my Badge and Identification Card.

NAME.....

ADDRESS..... AGE.....

CUT ON THIS LINE

EXACT COPY OF BADGE
IN THREE COLORS
RED—WHITE—BLUE

BULLETIN No. 12

GEE, but you fellows and girls have been keeping me busy lately! Why, you've been writing me so many letters on so many different subjects that Dusty has humorously suggested that I hire a battalion of secretaries just to answer 'em. And I'll be darned if there isn't something in what he says.

Seriously, though, reading all your letters is one of my pleasantest tasks . . . and it would take a lot more than all the money on earth to sell me the idea of passing the job on to anyone else.

And how do you like that! Here I waste time *talking* about your letters, when I could be answering some of them. That calm weather outside must be slowing me down. To work, Joe, to work.

First, I want to thank a fellow from Brooklyn for his swell letter, which reached me this morning. No, you're wrong, gang: I *don't* mean Brooklyn, New York. This fellow hails from a town named Brooklyn, way out in South Africa, and here's his full name and address:

M. J. Van Zyl
25 Dr. Malan Crescent
Brooklyn,
Cape Town
Union of South Africa

M. J. V. Z. says a few nice things about PEP COMICS, tells me they've no baseball team called the Dodgers out there, and ends with a request for American pen pals. How about obliging him on that last, gang?

Another swell letter comes from *Kenneth Blakely*, of 43-17 Bowne Street, Flushing, Long Island, New York, who suggests that PEP COMICS ought to run contests in each issue. Well, Ken, I've been thinking a lot about your suggestion—but there are all kinds of contests. I'd like to hear specific suggestions from you readers, and perhaps something can be worked out.

And don't forget the contest that TOP-NOTCH LAUGH COMICS runs each issue. If you haven't entered as yet, you ought to get yourself a copy and have a look-see. You'd be getting a really funny magazine . . . and you'd be getting a chance to win a portrait of yourself drawn by one of our artists.

Keep 'em flying.

Outstanding members this issue:

Arthur H. Stowgh
129 W. 16th Street
Erie, Pa.

Jackie Bass
222 Powell Street
Brooklyn, New York

Beatrice Allison
Box 507
Lockport, New York

Robin Winks
337 S. 17th Street
Terre Haute, Indiana

Bud Sandefur
Tillamook Hotel
Tillamook, Oregon

Jack Higgins (the Shield)

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THE ORIGINAL
SHIELD
DUSTY
THE
BOY DETECTIVE
WHAT GRIM SECRET LIES HIDDEN WITHIN THE WALLS OF THE ANCIENT HOSTEL - LURING THE SHIELD AND DUSTY ON A NIGHTMARISH ADVENTURE, TO SOLVE THE STRANGE MYSTERY OF... BLACK SWAN INN?
by IRVING NOVICK

RETURNING FROM WASHINGTON ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS, JOE HIGGINS AND DUSTY PASS AN OLD INN WHEN SUDDENLY...
HELLLP!
HEY, JOE, WHAT'S THAT?
HHHELP
STOP THE CAR, JOE! SOMEONE'S IN TROUBLE!
IT SURE SOUNDS LIKE IT! AND THE SCREAM'S COMING FROM THAT INN!
IT SOUNDS LIKE A GIRL, JOE, BUT THE SCREAMS'VE STOPPED NOW!
LET'S TAKE A LOOK INSIDE ANYWAY!
INSIDE...
HMMM, THE PLACE SEEMS DESERTED!
WELL, WE'VE SEARCHED EVERYWHERE, BUT WE HAVEN'T FOUND ANY-THING!
GEE! I CAN'T UNDER-STAND IT!
AND THEN AS THEY PONDER, THE SHIELD AND DUSTY ARE STRUCK DOWN BY UNSEEN ASSAILANTS
POW
BAM
DRAG DESE SNOOPERS OUDT TO DER CAR! VE VILL TAKE DEM FOR A GOOD OLD FASHIONED RIDE!

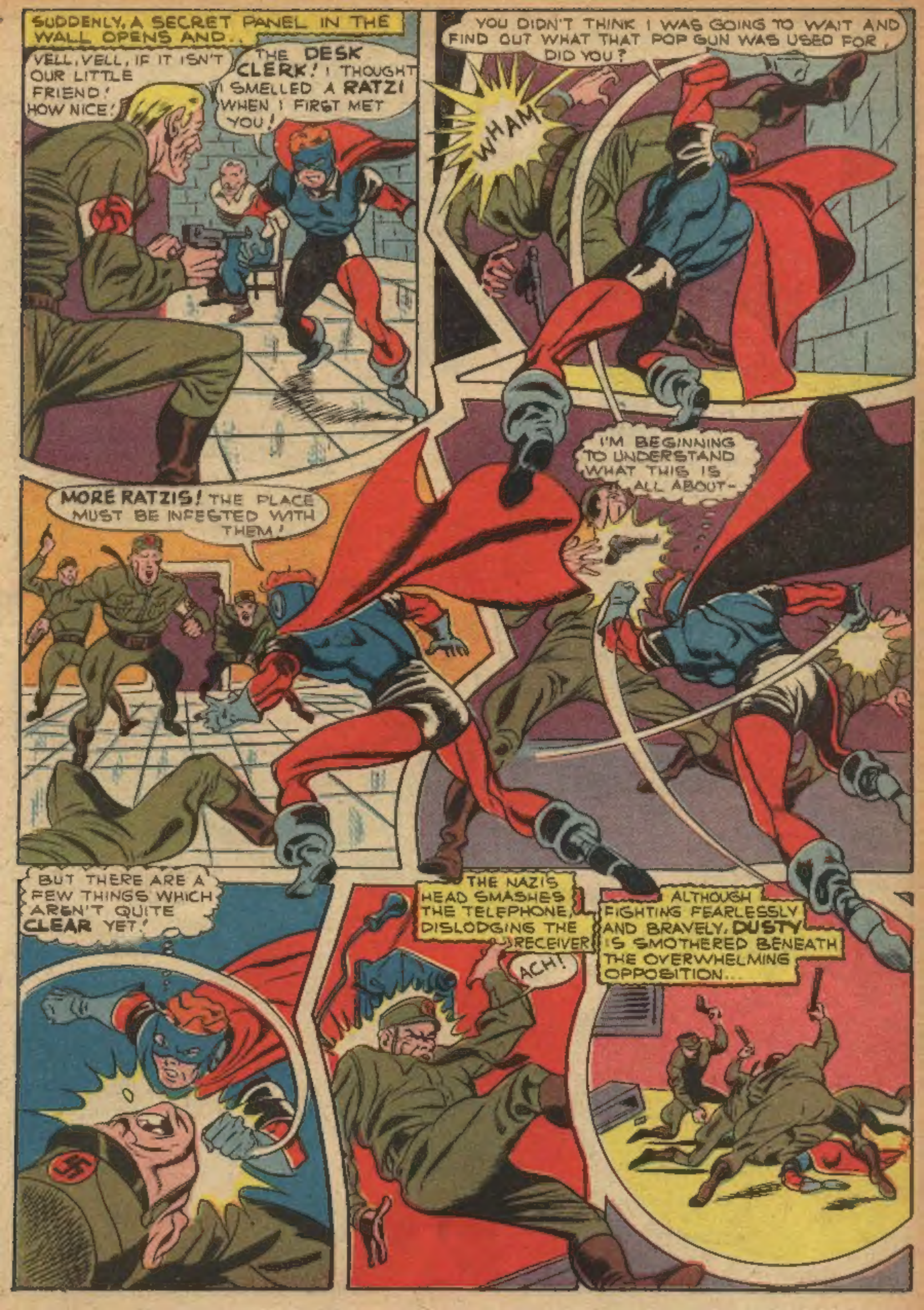
MINUTES LATER, THE SHIELD AND DUSTY RETURN TO CONSCIOUSNESS..
SHUT UP! UND LIE QVIETLY!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?
SCHULTZ! I HEAR A SIREN! IT'S THE POLICE! VOT VILL VE DO?
T'ROW DOSE PUNKS OUT! VE CAN'T BUMP DEM OFF NOW!
THE PAIR ARE ROUGHLY THROWN FROM THE SPEEDING CAR TO THE SIDE OF THE ROAD.
..WHERE THEY LIE, UNCONSCIOUS, UNNOTICED BY THE STATE TROOPER AS HE SPEEDS AFTER THE FLEEING AUTO.
WHERE'S THE FIRE, BUD? PULL OVER AND LET'S SEE YOUR LICENSE!
NO LICENSE, EH? WELL, YOU'D BETTER COME WITH ME AND HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH THE JUSTICE OF THE PEACE! START ROLLING!
DOING OVER 50 MILES AN HOUR IS BAD ENOUGH IN THESE TIMES! BUT DRIVING WITHOUT A LICENSE! THAT'S GOING TO MEAN A STIFF PENALTY!
ALL RIGHT, JUDGE, BUT I DEMAND DER RIGHT TO TALK TO MY LAWYER!
HELLO, HANS? DIS IS SCHULTZ. I CAN'T TALK LOUDLY, SO LISTEN CAREFULLY!.. VE VERE FOLLOWED BY DER POLICE UND VE HAD TO LET DER SHIELD, UND DOT ACCURSED BRAT GO! DERE IS NO TIME TO LOSE! YOU KNOW VOT TO DO! GET BUSY!

MEANWHILE THE SHIELD AND DUSTY RE COVERED FROM THEIR FALL SEVER THEIR BONDS ON A SHARP ROCK...
MY HEAD FEELS LIKE A POUNDIN BASS DRUM!
I COULD USE AN ASPIRIN MYSELF!
LUCKY FOR US THAT COP CAME ALONG WHEN HE DID OTHERWISE IT WOULD HAVE BEEN CURTAINS. COME ON. LET'S GO BACK TO THAT INN AND FIND OUT WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT!
I'D LIKE TO GET MY HANDS ON THE DIRTY RATS THAT SLUGGED US!
A WHILE LATER, ON ARRIVING AT THE INN...
WHAT THE SAM HILL'S GOING ON HERE? A WHILE AGO THIS PLACE WAS DESERTED! NOW IT'S LIGHTED UP LIKE A CHRISTMAS TREE!
MAYBE WE'RE AT THE WRONG PLACE! LET'S GO IN AND LOOK AROUND
IT'S THE SAME PLACE ALL RIGHT ONLY THERE'S SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS SET UP!
I'M JUST BARKING UP A TREE! COME ON, DUSTY! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
MISTAKEN NOTHING! THIS PLACE WAS SHUT DOWN AND EMPTY! I SAW IT WITH MY OWN EYES!
AW, SKIP IT!
BUT SHIELD! WE SAW...
OKAY, I'M COMING!
YES CHENTLEMEN? VOT CAN VE DO FOR YOU?
LISTEN MAYBE WE WERE SEEING THINGS, BUT THIS PLACE WAS CLOSED UP AND OUT OF BUSINESS A FEW HOURS AGO AND NOW..
CLOSED UP? THE BLACK SWAN INN HASN'T CLOSED ITS DOORS VUNCE SINCE IT OPENED MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO! SURELY CHENTLEMEN, YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!
?!?!

THEY SURE PULLED A FAST ONE ON US IN THERE. BUT THEY WON'T GET AWAY WITH IT! I HAVE AN IDEA! LISTEN CAREFULLY!
I HEAR YOU TALKIN'!
SOME TIME LATER..
GOOD EVENING. I'M PROFESSOR DRAKE! I'D LIKE TO HAVE A NIGHT'S LODGING!
SO SORRY, PROFESSOR BUT WE'RE ALL FILLED UP!
OH DEAR! AND I DID SO WANT TO GET A GOOD NIGHT'S REST BEFORE GOING ON TO WASHINGTON FOR MY APPOINTMENT WITH THE WAR DEPARTMENT IN THE MORNING!
VASHINGTON? VAR DEPARTMENT?
CHUST A MINUTE, PROFESSOR. I T'INK I HAVE VUN ROOM AVAILABLE.
I WOULD APPRECIATE IT. THANK YOU SO MUCH! AND NOW COULD YOU KEEP THIS PORTFOLIO FOR ME? IT CONTAINS PLANS FOR A SECRET WEAPON! I WOULD FEEL BETTER IF IT WERE SAFE IN YOUR HANDS FOR TONIGHT!
BUT OF COURSE! BOY! SHOW PROF. DRAKE TO HIS ROOM!
AS SOON AS THE PROFESSOR IS GONE, THE DESK CLERK EXAMINES THE CONTENTS OF THE PORTFOLIO:.
ACH! THE PLANS ARE WRITTEN IN CODE.. NEFERTHELESS, BERLIN VILL BE INTERESTED IN DEM!
ETHAY UNANIMOUSAY DE-ECLARATIONDAY OF-AY ETHAY IRTEENTHAY UNITEDAY ATESSTAY OFAY AMERICAY. EN-WHY INAY ETHAY OUR-ECAY OFAY UMANHAY EVENTSAY ITAY ECOME-SBAY ECESSARYNAY OR-AY ONEAY EGPLEPAY OTAY ISSOLVEDAY ET-HAY OLITICALPAY ANDSBAY ICHHWA- Y AVENAY O
THE PLANS ARE TRANSMITTED TO BERLIN BY SHORT-WAVE RADIO...
AND FIND THEIR WAY TO DR. GOEBBEL'S OFFICE..
GOOT! GOOT! HAF OUR DECODING EXPERTS VORK ON DIS AT VUNCE!
LATER THAT NIGHT, A ROPE IS DROPPED FROM AN UPPER STORY WINDOW OF THE INN TO A FIGURE HIDING IN THE SHRUBBERY BELOW
HIYA, PROFESSOR SHIELD? HOW DID THE ACT GO OFF?
FINE! THEY FELL FOR IT HOOK, LINE AND SINKER!

I TAKE IT WE'RE GONNA GO TO WORK NOW, EH, SHIELD? HOW ABOUT GIVING ME FIRST CRACK?
OKAY, DUSTY! WE'VE GOT TO GET RID OF THE GUARD POSTED OUTSIDE THE DOOR! NOW YOU HIDE BEHIND THE SHOWER CURTAIN AND WHEN I CALL COME OUT WITH FISTS FLYING!
TCH! TCH! COULD YOU HELP ME, SIR? THERE SEEMS TO BE A LEAK UNDER THE SINK IN THE BATHROOM!
ACH! SO NOW I'M A PLUMBER? JA! JA! I HELP!
I DON'T SEE NODDINGS!
DON'T WORRY, YOU WILL! OKAY, DUSTY!
THIS IS FOR YOUR PALS WHO SLUGGED US AND THREW US INTO A DITCH!
NICE WORK, M'BOY! NOW WE'LL GET HIM INTO THE BEDROOM! DRESS HIM IN THIS OUTFIT, AND TRUSS HIM UP IN THE CHAIR NEXT TO THE WINDOW!
BAM
DOWN GOES THE SHADE, ON GOES THE LIGHT AND WE'RE ALL SET! COME ON DUSTY, WE'VE WORK TO DO!
THE RUSE HAS ITS DESIRED EFFECT ON THE GUARDS STATIONED OUTSIDE...
YOU SEARCH THAT WING WHILE I TACKLE THIS PART OF THE HOUSE!
DOT GUY IS A REAL PROFESSOR, ALL RIGHT! ONLY A JERK LIKE DOT WOULD STAY UP ALL NIGHT READING A BOOK!
JA! HE'S HARMLESS!

AND MEANWHILE, IN HIS MOUNTAIN RETREAT IN GERMANY, THE FUEHRER IS IN A FUROR...
VAT! YOU HAVEN'T DECIPHERED THE CODE YET? DUMKOPF! IMBECILE!
BUT MINE FUEHRER, VE HAF VUN HUNDRED OF OUR BEST MEN VORKING ON IT.
DEN GET A T'OUSAND MEN! IF I VASN'T SO MODEST I VOULD DO IT MINE-SELF!
JA! WHO KNOWS? BUT FOR DIS VE MIGHT NOW BE IN MOSCOW!
BACK AT THE INN DUSTY MAKES A DISCOVERY
A LAUNDRY CHUTE! I WONDER WHAT'S DOWN THERE? I'M GONNA HAVE A LOOK!
JUST LIKE THE SLIDE AT CONEY ISLAND! NOTHING LIKE MIXING BUSINESS WITH PLEASURE!
TWO FRIGHTENED FIGURES WATCH THE BOY DETECTIVE END UP IN A HEAP OF LAUNDRY...
IF YOU'RE A FRIEND, HELP US - FOR HEAVENS SAKE, LAD, HELP US!
THAT'S JUST WHAT I'M HERE FOR! TO HELP YOU! BUT IF YOU DON'T MIND MY SAYING SO, THIS IS ALL AS CLEAR AS MUD!


SUDDENLY, A SECRET PANEL IN THE WALL OPENS AND..
VELL, VELL, IF IT ISN'T OUR LITTLE FRIEND! HOW NICE!
THE DESK CLERK! I THOUGHT I SMELLED A RATZI WHEN I FIRST MET YOU!
YOU DIDN'T THINK I WAS GOING TO WAIT AND FIND OUT WHAT THAT POP GUN WAS USED FOR, DID YOU?
WHAM
I'M BEGINNING TO UNDERSTAND WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT-
MORE RATZIS! THE PLACE MUST BE INFESTED WITH THEM!
BUT THERE ARE A FEW THINGS WHICH AREN'T QUITE CLEAR YET!
THE NAZIS HEAD SMASHES THE TELEPHONE, DISLODGING THE RECEIVER
ACH!
ALTHOUGH FIGHTING FEARLESSLY AND BRAVELY, DUSTY IS SMOTHERED BENEATH THE OVERWHELMING OPPOSITION...

JUST THEN THE SHIELD'S TRAIL LEADS HIM TO THE CLERK'S DESK
THERE'S A BUZZING SOUND COMING FROM THE SWITCH-BOARD!
WHAT'S BUZZIN', COUSIN? THE LAUN-DRY EH? OKAY I'LL DO A BIT OF LISTEN-ING IN!
NOW THAT YOU'VE GOT ME ALL CHAINED UP LIKE A BEAR WOULD YOU MIND TELLING ME WHAT YOUR GAME IS?
JUMPIN' JIVES! THAT'S DUSTY'S VOICE!
VY NOT? SINCE YOU'LL NEVER LEAVE HERE ALIVE ANYWAY! DESE PEOPLE ARE PROF WILSON UND HIS DAUGHTER MARY DER PROFESSOR HAS DISCOVERED A PROCESS WHICH MAKES THE USE OF ALUMIN-UM AND OTHER ESSENTIAL METALS ENTIRELY UNNECESSARY FOR AIR PLANE PRODUCTION NATURALLY VE ARE INTERESTED IN OBTAIN-ING THE FORMULA FOR OUR OWN USE!
VE VERE USING ER- PERSUASIVE METHODS TO MAKE DER PROF TALK VEN YOU UND DER SHIELD HEARD MISS WILSON'S SCREAM. VEN YOU SEARCH-ED DER INN YOU FOUND NOTHING AS DER ONLY ENTRANCE TO DER LAUN-DRY IS THRU DER SEC-RET PANEL IN DER WALL UNFORTUN-ATELY FOR YOU — YOU GAINED ACCESS THROUGH DER CHUTE!
AND HOW ABOUT ALL THOSE "GUESTS"?
DER GUESTS HA HA! DEY VERE BUND MEMBERS UND DERE VIVES VEN OUR MEN INFORMED US DOT YOU VERE ON DER LOOSE AGAIN VE SUMMONED DEM HURRIEDLY TO POSE AS GUESTS IN ORDER TO CONFUSE YOU OBVIOUSLY OUR PLAN HAS NOT SUCCEEDED EVEN NOW OUR MEN ARE SEARCHING FOR DER SHIELD. HE CAN'T BE FAR AWAY. DEY VILL GET HIM!
WHILE UPSTAIRS
UP MIT DER HANDS!
OH! IS THAT SO?
YES, I GUESS IT IS!

HOLD ONTO YOUR HATS BOYS!
WHAM
I TOLD YOU TO HOLD YOUR HATS BUT YOU WOULDN'T LISTEN!
DIS'LL STOP YOU — SCHWEIN'
POW
KONK
SECURELY BOUND, THE SHIELD IS THROWN DOWN THE CHUTE TO THE LAUNDRY BELOW
WHERE HE IS SURVEYED BY THE LEADER
JUST IN TIME TO WITNESS DER SHOW, MY PATRIOTIC FRIEND!
SO AHEAD AND HAVE YOUR FUN, NAZI BOY! BUT THERE'LL COME A TIME WHEN SHICKL-GRUBER AND CO WILL PAY FOR THEIR CRIMES AGAINST C.VILIZATION!
BRING DER HOT MOLTEN LEAD AN' DER IRON BOOTS
UND NOW, HERR PROF — YOU VILL DIVULGE DER PLANS TO ME UNLESS YOU VISH TO HAF YOUR DAUGHTER'S FEET ENCASED IN SLIPPERS OF HOT LEAD!
YOU FIEND, YOU COULDN'T MAKE ME TALK SO YOU'RE TRYING TO GET AT ME THROUGH MY DAUGHTER!
THAT GIRL WOULD RATHER SUBMIT TO TORTURE THAN HAVE HER FATHER TELL! IF I COULD ONLY GET LOOSE! IF I —
EXERTING SUPER-HUMAN EFFORT THE SHIELD BURSTS HIS BONDS...

HE SMASHES INTO THE LEADER UPSETTING THE BRAZIER AND SPILLING THE WHITE HOT LEAD ONTO THE ANCIENT WOOD FLOORING SETTING IT AFIRE
WHACK
IN THE CONFUSION THAT ENSUES, THE SHIELD RELEASES THE CAPTIVES AND TURNS TO DUSTY'S SHACKLES
YOU CAN'T OPEN THAT WITHOUT A KEY!
FRANTICALLY THE NAZIS TRY DESPERATELY TO OPEN THE PANEL IN THE WALL - BUT THE TERRIFIC HEAT HAS WARPED THE MECHANISM
IT CAN'T BE OPEN!
WE'LL BE ROASTED ALIVE!
WE CAN'T GET OUT THROUGH THE CHUTE, AND DUSTY'S STILL CHAINED. WHAT A PICKLE! THERE IS STILL ONE CHANCE ... IF I ONLY HAD MY SUPER POWERS!
WITH A PRAYER ON HIS LIPS, THE SHIELD FLEXES HIS MIGHTY MUSCLES, AND
IF I DIDN'T SEE IT WITH MY OWN EYES I'D NEVER HAVE BELIEVED IT.
I'M NOT THROUGH YET!
SEIZING THE TWO CAPTIVES IN HIS ARMS THE SHIELD DARTS THROUGH THE SEETHING INFERNO AND SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE WALL OUT INTO THE COOL NIGHT AIR
IF NOT FOR YOU, MR SHIELD, WE'D HAVE PERISHED ALONG WITH OUR CAPTORS!
IT WAS NOTHING!
LISTEN TO HIM -- IT WAS NOTHING HE SAYS!
HOLY COW! YOU BURST YOUR BONDS RIPPED MY CHAINS AND WENT THROUGH A WALL LIKE A TORNADO! W-WHY THAT MEANS YOU'VE GOT YOUR SUPER POWERS BACK!
I DON'T KNOW DUSTY! IT MAY HAVE BEEN A FLASH! TIME WILL TELL!
IN GERMANY, A WEEK LATER, THE DECODED RESULTS ARE BROUGHT TO DER FUEHRER
LIEBER GOTT! IMBECILE! DIS IS DER DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE --- WRITTEN IN PIG LATIN!
HAS THE SHIELD FINALLY REGAINED THE USE OF HIS SUPER POWERS?. OR IS IT JUST A FLASH IN THE PAN? READ THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS AND SEE!

SUICIDE FOR THE SLANT-EYES

A SHIELD STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

THERE was pain in Dusty's eyes as he looked at The Shield. "But, Shield!" he protested. "We always work on cases *together*. This is the first time you ever asked me to stay at home."

The Shield slammed Dusty on the back. "Sorry, kid," he said. "Culler insists that this case is too dangerous for you, and I'm inclined to agree with him." He stepped to the door, opened it, and turned. "And besides, this *isn't* the first time I've worked without you. Our very last case was one I handled solo."

Morrie Culler was tall and emaciated. An expression of impatience crossed his features and he said, "Come on, Shield. This is urgent!"

"Okay, Culler," said The Shield. The two stepped out of the door, and slammed it behind them.

Dusty watched them go, puzzlement on his face. Then he nodded his head, and the puzzlement turned to determination. "But I *did* work with The Shield on his last case," he said, aloud. "I think I understand what this is all about!"

The Shield grinned widely as he settled back in Culler's car. "You know, Culler," he said. "That was a good piece of luck, your getting this tip about Soturu's hideout. When you wrote me from F. B. I. headquarters asking me to locate him, I thought it wouldn't be too hard—but, gosh, I was dead wrong. I hadn't gotten a single lead until you walked in this morning."

"It wasn't your fault," said Culler. "Soturu is this country's most dangerous saboteur, and he keeps himself well hidden. When we cracked one of his gang, and found out where Soturu was hiding, I took a plane right down here. I couldn't raid his hide-out with my men, because that might scare the Jap off . . . so I decided to ask you to help me and take the chance that he hasn't too many men with him."

"I see," said The Shield. "How much further is it?"

"Just about a mile," said Culler.

The Shield nodded. "How about finishing that story you were telling me this morning?" he suggested. "You remember—you were telling me that you'd lived most of your life in Japan, and that it was your knowledge of Jap habits and customs which got you into the F. B. I. You started a story about one of the Jap generals, and you never finished. . . ."

"I remember," said Culler. He lit a cigarette. "There isn't much more to tell. The Chinese defeated the Japs in that battle—and do you know what the screwy Jap general did? He left a note saying that he'd disgraced his Heavenly Emperor . . . and then he went and committed hara-kiri. You know what hara-kiri means, don't you, Shield? It's suicide . . . these Jap nuts always kill themselves when they've been disgraced. Hara-kiri, hara-kiri, hara-kiri—that's all I heard day and night."

"Yes, I know," The Shield said, "you explained all about hara-kiri this morning. Funny business, that."

Culler nodded. "My own tutor killed himself," he said. "He disgraced himself in some fashion—and the next day we found him with a knife in his stomach. *His* note said, 'Hara-kiri is the only thing left for me'."

The car ground to a halt, and the two men stepped out. "I'm parking about a block before the place," said Culler. "It's safer that way."

The two men walked softly down the road and stopped in front of what seemed to be a deserted house. "This is it," said Culler, softly. "Let's go!"

The Shield placed his shoulder against the door, and slammed. There was a splintering sound as the door burst open, and the two men raced into the house.

And then the F. B. I. man stopped, and a cruel smile spread over his face. "I can stop acting now," he said. "I'm not Culler. My government—the Japanese government—is planning extensive sabotage in this city, and this has been a trick to put you out of the way." His voice rose, became harsh, loud. *"Get him, men!"*

The Shield leaped forward. "I can stop acting, too," he said. He lashed out with his fist, and caught the fake Culler on the jaw. The Jap agent rocked, and the Shield hit him again. He went down . . . and out.

Men began to appear from the shadows. Three—four—five—of them. In a startled flash, The Shield recognized the first of these as Soturu himself!

And at that moment, Dusty, the Boy Wonder, raced through the doorway!

The Shield and Dusty went to work. The Shield slammed his fist hard against Soturu's face, and the saboteur went down like a log. Dusty did the same with another Jap, and *he* went down. A bit more of this, and the five Japs lay sprawled on the floor.

"Come on, Dusty," said The Shield. America's Fightingest Duo streaked into the next room . . . and saw a man seated in a chair. He was trussed hand and foot.

"There's the real Morrie Culler," said The Shield. Quickly, he stepped forward and untied the man.

Later, back at their apartment, Dusty looked with admiration at The Shield. "I caught on that you wanted me to follow you when you made that trick remark about me not helping you on your last case," he said. "But how did you get wise that the guy was a phony? He seemed to know his Japanese all right."

"No, Dusty," said The Shield. "Our friend *didn't* know his Japanese. I realized that he was a fake when he kept saying that the Japs called their 'honorable suicide' hara-kiri. That isn't so, Dusty—as I found when I read a book on Japan several months ago. The Japs call it *seppuku*." He smiled. "This guy was probably just a gangster who worked for the Japs—and they would never have explained about hara-kiri being wrong even if he used the term in front of them, because they won't talk to a white man about these things."

The Shield thrust out his hand. "So you see, Dusty, I had to act in with him because I knew he'd lead me to the real Culler and possibly to Soturu. I wasn't trying to leave you out of things. What say, pals again?"

Dusty grinned and took the hand. "Pals again—and always," he said.

The HANGMAN
THE CLOP-CLOP OF HOOVES. THE CLANKING OF ARMOR AND THE WILD TOSS OF A STALLION'S HEAD HERALDS A CREATURE FROM THE DUSTY PAST.. .. ..
THE CRUSADER..
THIS AVENGING KNIGHT, WHO HAS VOWED VENGEANCE FOR A THOUSAND YEARS, STEPS OUT OF THE PAGES OF TIME TO DO MURDER...
IS IT UTTERLY FANTASTIC? OR IS IT POSSIBLE?
READ ON...

THIS STORY BEGINS ON A WINDY DAY IN NOVEMBER.. A DAY NOT LIKELY TO BE EVER FORGOTTEN BY THE HANGMAN..
C'MON, BOB! I THINK I'VE GOT A SCOOP!
OKAY, THEL, I'M COMING!
TAKE US TO THE AIRPORT- PRONTO! AND DON'T SPARE THE HORSE- POWER!
EVERY TIME WE START ON A DATE, YOU DRAG ME OFF ON SOME STORY!
GOT HERE JUST IN TIME, BOB! THE DELEGATES FROM TURKEY WHO ARE SIGNING A SECRET PACT WITH THE U.S. ARE ON THAT CLIPPER!
HOW THAT GIRL GETS THESE SCOOPS IS BEYOND ME! HOPE SHE'LL FINISH HER INTERVIEW IN A HURRY!
THE CABIN DOOR OPENS, AND HASSEN BEN SOBER AND HIS ENTOURAGE STEP OUT..
SUDDENLY, A CLUMPING OF HOOVES IS HEARD. WIDE-EYED INCREDULITY QUICKLY BECOMES STARK HORROR AND THE LEADER OF THE DELEGATION, HASSEN, SHRIEKS A WARNING..
WATCH OUT!
..AND CHARGING INTO THE DELEG- ATION, ON A MILK WHITE STEED.. LANCE POISED WITH DEADLY PURPOSE.. A CRUSADER!

MY ETERNAL VOW OF VENGEANCE IS AT LAST FULFILLED, HASSAN BEN SOBER! DIE, TREACHEROUS TURK! DIE!
AARGH!
BUT BEFORE THE LANCE CAN STRIKE, AN AIDE LUNGES IN FRONT OF HASSEN AND INTERCEPTS THE DEADLY THRUST.
SUDDENLY, THE SHADOWS SEEM TO MOVE IN A SWIFT BLUR; AND THE LITHE FORM OF THE HANGMAN APPEARS!
WHOA, NELLIE!
BACK, CHURL! YOU ARE TRIFLING WITH YOUR OWN DOOM!
POW!
CRUSH HIM, MACEDON! TRAMPLE HIM UNDER YOUR HOOF! NOBODY SHALL STAND IN THE WAY OF THE CRUSADERS SWORN VENGEANCE!
HANGMAN! WATCH OUT!
DESPERATELY THE HANGMAN TWISTS HIMSELF OUT OF THE PATH OF THE FOUR-LEGGED JUGGERNAUT..

YOU HAVE ESCAPED ME THIS TIME, HASSEN BEN SOBER, AS YOU HAVE FOR CENTURIES..BUT I SHALL RETURN!
JIMINY! THE BULLETS BOUNCE RIGHT OFF HIS SKULL!
FOLLOW THAT MAN ON THE HORSE! HURRY!
W-WHAT? LOOKS LIKE A REFUGEE FROM AN ANCIENT HISTORY BOOK!
HE'S TURNING IN TOWARDS THE MUSEUM!
UP! UP, MACEDON! THE STEPPES OF SIBERIA WERE NO HIGHER THAN THESE!
HE CAN'T GET FAR ON THAT HORSE!
HOOF MARKS GO THROUGH HERE! IF MY BOOTS DON'T PINCH ME.. I'D THINK I WAS DREAMING!
LOOKS LIKE THE END OF THE TRAIL!
GOOD LORD! I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

THERE HE IS! I MEAN... THAT'S THE IDENTICAL ARMOR AND HORSE OF THE CRUSADER!
MAYBE I'M GOING CRAZY, BUT I DON'T SEE WHERE HE COULD HAVE GONE TO.. IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THAT DUMMY SUDDENLY CAME TO LIFE???
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU DOING AROUND HERE? IT'S AFTER HOURS.. NOBODY'S ALLOWED..
THE HANGMAN.. AND TH-THE GALLOWS!
AT THAT MOMENT, THE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM APPEARS.
WHAT'S ALL THIS?
AND PERHAPS DEATH, MY FRIEND! UNLESS YOU TALK AND TELL WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS EXHIBIT HERE... THIS CRUSADER!
I'M ON THE TRAIL OF WHAT MAY SOUND INCRED BLE.. BUT THAT CRUSADER HAS COME ALIVE!
I'M THE CURATOR.. PERHAPS I CAN HELP YOU..
SO YOU THINK THE CRUSADER CAME TO LIFE, EH? AND THIS IS YEAR 1942? IT'S WEIRD! WEIRD! CAN THE LEGEND BEHIND THIS CRUSADER, ACTUALLY, BE TRUE?

BEFORE YOU TELL ME YOUR STORY, I THINK WE'D BETTER GO TO THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR'S HOUSE! I'M SURE HE'D BE INTERESTED!
Meanwhile, IN THE CHAMBERS OF HASSEN BEN SOBER..
YOUR TELEPHONE, SIR.. I SHALL ANSWER IT!
"..YOU ARE TO DIE AS I DID AN ETERNITY AGO! IT IS WRITTEN IN THE SHADOWS OF THE HILLS!"
THERE'S A GENTLEMAN DOWNSTAIRS WHO CALLS HIMSELF THE HANGMAN!
THE HANGMAN! WHY, HE SAVED MY LIFE AT THE AIRPORT! SEND HIM UP AT ONCE!
YOUR EXCELLENCY!
MINUTES LATER..
I AM HONORED, HANGMAN! I OWE MY LIFE TO YOUR BRAVERY!
THIS IS THE CURATOR OF THE MUSEUM! HE HAS A STORY TO TELL US THAT MAY SHED SOME LIGHT ON THIS CRUSADER!
LET ME SHOW YOU A PARCHMENT..
..WHICH THE HORSEMAN WHO RESEMBLED THE CRUSADER LEFT AT THE AIRPORT...
HMM..THE CURSE OF CENTURIES.. LET ME BEGIN IN THE YEAR 942 A.D.! JUST A THOUSAND YEARS AGO!
SLOWLY, THE CURATOR BEGINS..
THIS SCROLL WARNS THE TURKS THAT DEATH BY THE HANDS OF THE CRUSADER IS INEVITABLE! IT SAYS THAT WE HAVE AT LAST LEFT THE LAND WHERE WE ARE SAFE..AND THE CURSE OF CENTURIES WILL BE FULFILLED!

"... A BAND OF MEN, WHO CALLED THEMSELVES THE CRUSADERS, SET FORTH AGAINST THEIR ANCIENT ENEMY... THE TURKS."
"BUT BEFORE THE CRUSADERS SET FORTH, THEIR LEADER RECEIVED THE CHURCH'S SACRED BLESSING."
TO YOU IS GIVEN THE SACREMENT OF ETERNAL LIFE! NOTHING CAN HARM YOU UNTIL YOUR MISSION IS FULFILLED!
"AND SO.. ARMED WITH THE PRIEST'S ETERNAL ANOINTMENT, THE CRUSADER LED HIS PEOPLE FORTH INTO BATTLE."
"AFTER DAYS OF MARCHING . . . SUDDENLY THEIR QUARRY WAS SIGHTED."
THE TURKS! CHARGE!
"TIME WAS AN ETERNITY IN THE HEAT OF THE DESERT SUN, AND AS THE HOURS WORE ON, THE SANDS TURNED RED WITH BLOOD."

ON, MEN! FIGHT ON!
"BUT, THE TOLL OF THE BATTLE WAS TOO HEAVY ON BOTH SIDES". . .
"AND WHEN AN EMISSARY FROM THE TURKS RODE UP, WITH THE TOKEN OF TRUCE.."
"THE CRUSADER HIMSELF, BEARING THE WHITE FLAG OF PEACE, SETS FORTH FOR THE ENEMY CAMP . . . ALONE!"
HERE COMES THE CRUSADER NOW! SIDI!
YOU HAVE YOUR INSTRUCTIONS! YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO WHEN HE GETS HERE!
I COME, BEARING A SYMBOL OF PEACE!
ALLAH BE PRAISED! COME INTO OUR TENT TO DISCUSS THE TERMS!
"BUT TREACHERY WAS AFOOT..WHILE THE CRUSADER DISCUSSED PEACE IN THE TURKISH TENT!"...
HASTEN, MEN! NOW WE SHALL ENCIRCLE THE UNSUSPECTING ENEMY!
I CANNOT BELIEVE IT POSSIBLE THAT OUR NATIONS HAVE SETTLED THEIR DIFFERENCES!

SUDDENLY!
EEEEEE!
GOOD! OUR SOLDIERS HAVE AMBUSHED THE ENEMY!
THE CRUSADER RUSHED OUT TO FIND HIS ARMY CAUGHT UNAWARES BY THE TREACHEROUS TURKS!
WE HAVE ANNIHILATED THE ENEMY, HASSEN!
YOU RAN UP THE WHITE FLAG AND THEN KILLED MY PEOPLE WHEN THEY HAD LAID DOWN THEIR WEAPONS!
BIND THE CRUSADER SECURELY! I CARE NOT FOR HIS WORDS!
BARBAROUS... INHUMAN TURKISH SWINE!
LASH HIM UNTIL HE'S DEAD!
YOU CAN BEAT ME, BUT I'LL NEVER DIE! IF I HAVE TO WAIT A THOUSAND YEARS, I'LL RETURN FOR VENGEANCE!
AND SO GOES THE LEGEND! THE ARMOR WE HAVE IN OUR MUSEUM IS SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN WORN BY THE CRUSADER A THOUSAND YEARS AGO!
A THOUSAND YEARS AGO AND TODAY TOO, IT SEEMS!
FROM WHAT YOU'VE TOLD ME, HANGMAN, EVEN I, A MAN OF SCIENCE, AM FORCED TO BELIEVE THERE MUST BE SOME TRUTH IN THIS LEGEND!
IT'S FANTASTIC, BUT IT DOES APPEAR AS THOUGH THE CRUSADER HAS RETURNED FROM THE DEAD.. GOOD DAY, GENTLEMEN! I MUST RETURN TO MY WORK!
GOOD DAY, SIDI! AND MANY THANKS!

WHAT CAN I DO? IF THIS IS REALLY THE CRUSADER, I CANNOT ENDANGER THE LIVES OF MY DELEGATES BY REMAINING HERE ANY LONGER!
DON'T GO YET, HASSEN BEN SOBER! THE TREATY YOU ARE TO SIGN WITH AMERICA IS VITAL TO THE UNITED NATIONS!
I'M STILL NOT CONVINCED THAT THE DEAD CAN COME TO LIFE. NOW, I'VE A PLAN, AND WITH YOUR HELP, I MAY BE ABLE TO SOLVE THIS MYSTERY!
LATER, HASSEN BEN SOBER AND HIS ENTOURAGE LEAVE TO CONFER WITH THE SECRETARY OF STATE.
FINALLY ARRIVING.
ON BEHALF OF THE UNITED STATES, IT GIVES ME GREAT PLEASURE TO WELCOME YOU, SIR!
THIS TREATY WILL DO MUCH TO SHORTEN THE WAR AGAINST OUR COMMON ENEMY, THE NAZIS!
THE CHIEF TURK SLOWLY BEGINS TO SIGN THE TREATY..
SUDDENLY, THE HUSHED SILENCE IS SHATTERED BY THE CLATTER OF HOOFS.
THE CRUSADER'S RETURNED!

NOW, YOU LOATHSOME TURK, I HAVE RETURNED FOR VENGEANCE!
OUT OF MY WAY, INFIDEL!
SWAYING FROM HIS HORSE, THE CRUSADER SNATCHES THE TURK ABOUT TO SIGN THE TREATY.
F.B.I. MEN SWING INTO ACTION, BUT.
IT'S NO USE! THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIS ARMOR!
UNSCATHED, THE CRUSADER RIDES UNTIL HE REACHES THE MUSEUM..
MY MISSION WILL SOON BE ACCOMPLISHED!
NOW TO PRESS THIS BUTTON, AND..!
A REVOLVING PLATFORM BRINGS THE DUMMY HORSE AND CRUSADER BACK ON DISPLAY, AND THE REAL ONES BEHIND A FALSE WALL..
DOWN A LONG RAMP, INTO A SECRET ROOM BENEATH THE MUSEUM..
HEIL, HITLER!

YOU SEE, MR. TURK, I AM NOT REALLY A CRUSADER! MY ONLY GOD IS THE FUEHRER! SURPRISED, AREN'T YOU?
SUDDENLY, THE SUPPOSED HASSEN REMOVES HIS OUTER CLOTHING AND REVEALS THE HANGMAN!
SURPRISED, NAZI? I'M NOT SURPRISED IN THE LEAST!
MATTER OF FACT, IT'S JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
UGH!
TRICKERY, EH? YOU'VE PLAYED YOUR LAST TRICK, HANGMAN!
WRONG AGAIN! I'VE GOT A COUPLE LEFT! HERE'S ONE OF 'EM!
WHACK
..AND HERE'S ANOTHER!
OH-OH! THE RATZIS ARE GOING FOR THEIR GUNS! I'D BETTER GRAB THIS SHIELD!

YOU FELLOWS SEEM TO BE PLAYING FOR KEEPS!
SMASH
WELL, SO AM I!
AND THEN, AS THE FAKE CRUSADER RISES TO HIS FEET.
THE GALLOWS!
YES! YOUR GALLOWS! I CHECKED UP ON THAT LEGEND AND DISCOVERED A CURIOUS FACT! THE ORIGINAL CRUSADER WAS NOT LASHED TO DEATH! HE WAS HANGED, JUST AS YOU'RE GOING TO BE! IRONIC, ISN'T IT?
SUDDENLY, THE POLICE, LED BY THE ALACRITY TURK, BURST INTO THE ROOM.
NOW, LET'S LOOK AT YOUR FACE, MURDERER! HMM! AS I THOUGHT! THE MUSEUM CURATOR!
THE TRAIL LEADS HERE! LOOK! THERE IS THE HANGMAN NOW!
GREAT SNAKES! AND HE'S ROUNDED UP A NEST OF NAZIS!
WE FOLLOWED THE INK YOU DROPPED FROM YOUR PEN, SIDI HANGMAN! IT WAS VERY CLEVER!
OUR NAZI FRIEND, THE CURATOR, ALSO TRIED TO BE CLEVER, BUT WITH LESS SUCCESS!
YOU SEE, HE WANTED TO KEEP YOU FROM SIGNING THE TREATY.. AND HE DION'T WANT YOU TO SUSPECT ANY NAZI CONNECTION! SO HE GAMBLED ON SCARING YOU OFF WITH THE LEGEND AND LOST!

HORNS!

A HANGMAN STORY

by SCOTT FELDMAN

JOE EDWARDS had a lot of money. He spent a great part of this money in purchasing and consuming various brands of whiskey.

He looked drunker than ever now. The Hangman recognized him immediately from his newspaper pictures, from the fact that his eyes were bloodshot, and his hair was disheveled in his famous fashion.

"I see that you're upholding your reputation," said The Hangman.

Edwards clutched The Hangman's arm. "I'm not drunk," he said. "I phoned Thelma Gordon and asked her to have you meet me here because I've had a terrible shock. I'm not drunk—just scared, scared badly."

"Get hold of yourself, and tell me what's troubling you," said The Hangman.

Edwards' trembling fingers dipped into his pocket, came out with a cigarette. He lit it and blew out a cloud of smoke. "That kind of steadies me." He drew at the cigarette again. "Look, Hangman," he said, after a moment, "you're familiar with my brother Paul, the big-game hunter, aren't you? He gets into the newspapers often enough."

The Hangman nodded.

"Well," Edwards continued, "he's supposed to be in Africa now . . . but I saw him in my house last night. I came home—and there he was. Sure, I was a little drunk, but not that drunk. I wasn't imagining things."

"So what?" said The Hangman, briefly. "He could have returned unexpectedly."

"You don't understand," said Edwards. "I came into my room, and he was lying on the floor, dead . . strangled! But that isn't the only horrible thing . . ."

"Go on."

Edwards' eyes were wide, staring. "When I saw my brother—dead like that, I felt sick and dizzy, and I yelled and ran into the next room to phone the police. It was dark in the next room, but there was a thin stream of light coming through the window—and I saw a man in the shadows. He was hidden, and I couldn't see his face. But the top of his head was visible, and—*and he had horns!* Horns growing out of his head, Hangman! They weren't just fake horns fastened to his head—they were alive! I could tell they were alive!"

The Hangman stared at him, unbelievingly.

"I guess I fainted after that," Edwards said. "The next thing I knew my other brothers, Sid and Eric, were rousing me. I told them about Paul, and they looked in my room. Paul wasn't there—the room was empty. And Sid and Eric insist that I was seeing things because I was drunk, that Paul is still in Africa . . . but I swear I saw him dead. I've been walking the streets all night, thinking, and I'm positive . . ."

"Just a minute," said The Hangman. "What you've been telling me strikes a chord—something I saw somewhere—something I read somewhere——" Sudden understanding lit up his eyes. "I remember now. That article I once read." He took hold of Joe Edwards' arm. "What say we go up to your house, Joe? I'd like to have a word with brothers Sid and Eric!"

It wasn't easy to tell that Sid and Eric were brothers. They were entirely different types.

Sid Edwards looked like a truckdriver—a very rich truckdriver. He was about six-foot-six tall and, with his muscles bulging through his suit, he looked almost as wide.

Eric Edwards wasn't much over five feet tall. He was on the featherweight side, had an eyebrow-pencil moustache, and marcelled hair which looked as if he spent hours combing it. He was almost too pretty to live.

"Your brother tells me," The Hangman began, "that he——"

"My brother," Sid cut in gruffly, "is a drunkard. He was imagining things."

"We'll see about that," said The Hangman. "How tall is the brother Joe thinks he saw in his room?"

"Paul?" said Sid. "He's about six feet tall. Why?"

"Just curious," said The Hangman. He looked at Sid's huge, strong hands and remembered that Joe had said he'd seen Paul dead of—strangulation.

At this point, Eric Edwards took part in the conversation. He swept over to The Hangman and said, "I don't see why Joseph asked you here in the first place. He'd been drinking too much. That's all."

The Hangman moved back. There was an overpowering odor of perfume floating out of Eric's long hair, and The Hangman didn't appreciate that smell.

And then, suddenly, The Hangman stopped in his tracks.

With a quick movement, he darted forward and pulled at Eric's perfumed hair. It was a wig, and it came off in his hands!

Eric had horns growing out of his head!

"I thought so," said The Hangman. "Eric here suffers from *cornu cutaneum*, a rare skin disease which causes animal horns up to twelve inches in length to grow out of the head. The disease is almost incurable . . . doctors burn the horns off and they grow back in three weeks. Right, Eric?"

Eric's face twisted, but he said nothing.

"Eric is the kind who's hypersensitive about his appearance, you can tell that by looking at him. He must have been hard hit when he got *cornu cutaneum*: made sure that even his own family didn't know about it by shaving off his hair and wearing a cover-all wig. Then, last night, Paul walked in unexpectedly and saw the horns. Some people have peculiar senses of humor—maybe Paul thought the situation funny. Then Eric, in a fit of insane rage, turned on Paul and killed him. Hundreds of cases have been known where a little man became angry enough to overpower a man twice his size."

Eric pulled a gun from his pocket, and he stepped backwards. "Don't move," he said softly. "You called it absolutely right, Hangman. I killed him, and when I heard Joe coming, I was startled and rushed out of the room. Then Joe saw my horns and fainted, and I lugged Paul into a closet, and buried him in the garden after the excitement died down." He frowned. "I can't understand, Hangman, how you knew *I* was the one who has the disease."

"Very simple," said The Hangman. "I read an article on *cornu cutaneum* once, and I remembered the description of the treatment. Doctors burn the horns off because a few patients *are* cured that way, though it doesn't work with most, and the burning process leaves an unpleasant smell. Therefore, you put a ton of perfume on your head, and I realized that a guy as careful of himself as you are wouldn't commit the social error of wearing so much perfume without good reason."

"I see," said Eric. "Yes, that clears things up very nicely. And I think I won't need you three around any longer. The doctor won't give away my secret because of professional confidence—and I took care of the wigmaker. Now I'll make sure of you!"

He lifted the gun . . . and The Hangman leaped.

Almost simultaneously, The Hangman's left fist smashed into Eric's gun hand, and his right fist smashed into Eric's face. Eric dropped the gun, and he fell backwards against the door. The Hangman hit him again, and he went down and out.

"There's your murderer," said The Hangman. He lifted the phone, called the police, and settled back to wait.

Captain COMMANDO

AND THE BOY SOLDIERS

THIS IS A STORY WHICH MIGHT ACTUALLY HAVE HAPPENED! WHEN IT WAS WRITTEN, THE UNITED NATIONS WERE GIRDING THEMSELVES FOR THE INEVITABLE POUNCE UPON THOSE ENEMIES OF ALL MANKIND THE NAZIS! PERHAPS TODAY, WHEN THIS TALE IS BEING READ THESE INCIDENTS ARE FACTS THEY MAY BE THE HEADLINE NEWS OF YOUR MORNING'S NEWSPAPER! IF THEY ARE NOT, REMEMBER THESE THINGS **CAN HAPPEN**.....

IT IS THE WISH, THE HOPE, THE FERVENT DESIRE OF ALL HUMANITY THAT THIS STORY COME TRUE.... SOON!

ALMOST EVERY INDIVIDUAL BORN IS CAPABLE OF CHANGING THE FACE OF THE WORLD. THERE'S A ROOSEVELT AND A CHURCHILL IN YOUR OWN HOME SUPPOSE WE GO BACK BEFORE THE WAR STARTED AND TAKE THE CASE OF **RED BREWSTER**

IN A GYMNASIUM ONE NIGHT..

DAT **RED BREWSTER'S** QUITE A FIGHTER HE'LL BE KNOCKIN' THE SOCKS OFF MY MAN IF HE GETS NEAR HIM!

HOW ABOUT MAKING RED A PROPOSITION?

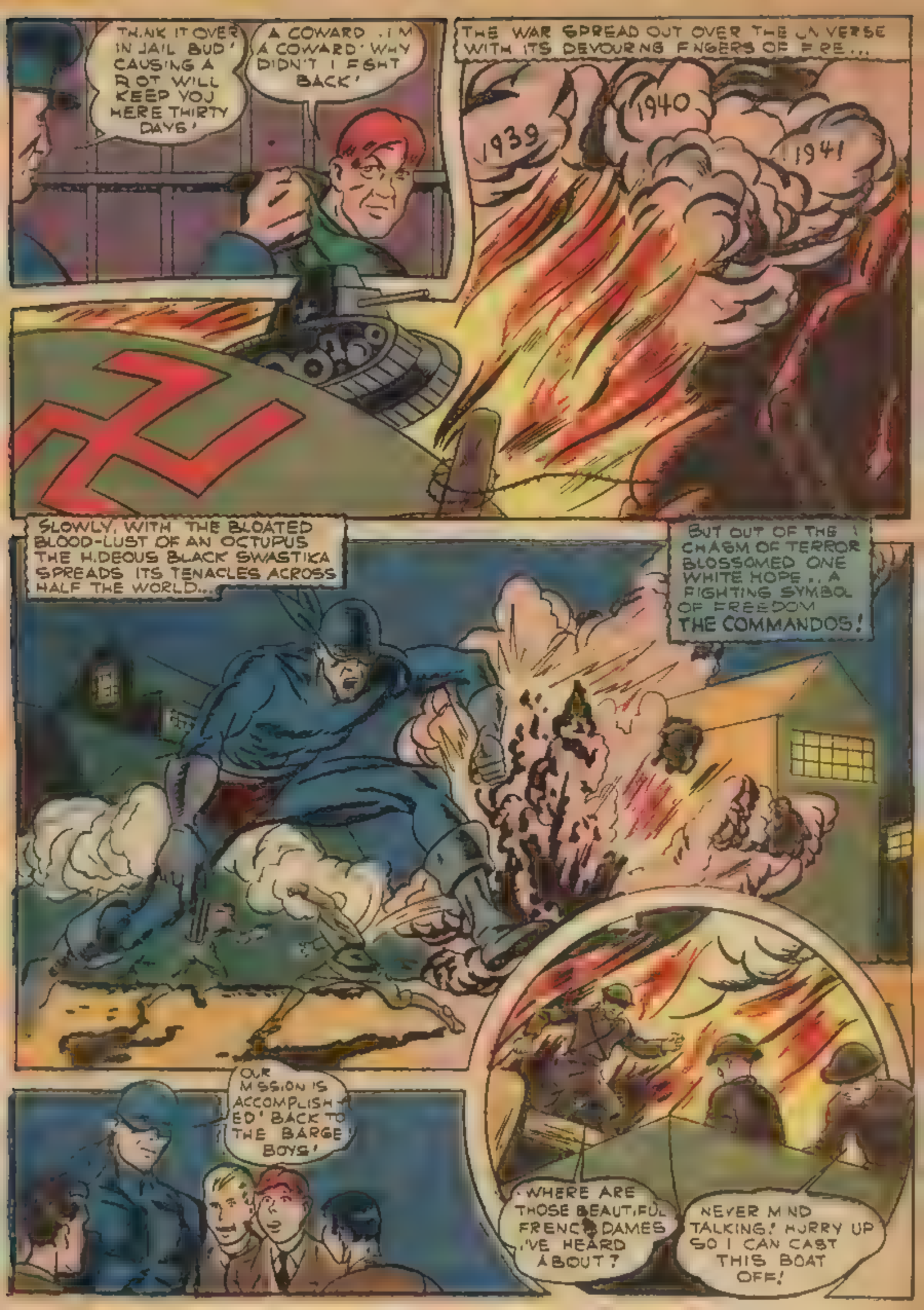
RED! HOWJA LIKE TO MAKE FIVE GRAND?

WHAT'S THE GAG?

JUST THROW YOUR FIGHT TONIGHT— THAT'S ALL!

WHY, YOU DIRTY CHEAP GAMBLERS I WOULDN'T TAKE A NOSE-DIVE FOR A MILLION DOLLARS! NOW GET OUT BEFORE I KNOCK YOU OUT!
BUT "RED" DIDN'T COUNT ON WHAT LENGTHS GANGSTERS GO TO FOR MONEY AND AS HE WALKED HOME THAT AFTERNOON
BOOM
OHHHHHHHH
SOME CAR WHIPPED AROUND A CORNER AND.
MACHINE-GUNNED THIS POOR FELLA!
GIVE THE GUY ROOM!
HUNH! ONLY SCRATCHED! I GUESS I'M ALL RIGHT!
YOU'RE PRETTY LUCKY BUD!
THAT NIGHT AT THE FIGHT.
BONG
AND AS "RED" FALLS
HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS ONE, RED?
I CAN'T GO ON... I CAN'T FIGHT! I'M SCARED TO! I'M SCARED!
EIGHT
NINE
TEN
YOU'RE OUT!

SOMETHING HAD HAPPENED TO RED. THE FIGHTER WHO WANTED TO BE A CHAMP SUDDENLY TURNED YELLOW A COWARD!
CAN'T FIGHT NOW! MAYBE THAT BULLET THAT GRAZED MY SKULL, MAYBE IT MADE ME SCARED!
TEN
REDS FIGHTING DAYS WERE OVER WEEKS PASSED AND RED QUIT HIS OLD HAUNTS HE BECAME A BOWERY BUM!
GEE FIFTY CENTS! CAN'T AFFORD THAT! BETTER SLEEP ON A PARK BENCH!
BED 50¢
WAR
WAR DECLARED
HITLER MARCHIN
IN THE SPORTS PALAST IN BERLIN, A MADMAN BEGAN HIS RAVINGS
TODAY VE RULE CHERMANY TOMORROW DER WHOLE WORLD!
THEN CAME SEPTEMBER 1939 " ALL THE NEWSPAPERS PRINTED THE SAME HEADLINES..
A FINE END TO A PRIZE-FIGHTER WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN A CHAMP...
AND LISTENING IN AMERICA
TIMES SQUARE
VE HAF NO ROOM FOR WEAKLINGS!
DERE'S NO PLACE IN DER VORLD FOR COWARDS!
YEAH! HITLER'S RIGHT!
HEY, WHAT'S THAT BUD? YOU LOOKING FOR TROUBLE?
WE DON'T LIKE THAT KIND OF TALK!
NAZI, EH?
BUT BUT I DIDN'T MEAN OOOH!
SO HITLER'S RIGHT HUH? WELL, HOW'S MY LEFT?
CRACK


THINK IT OVER IN JAIL BUD! CAUSING A RIOT WILL KEEP YOU HERE THIRTY DAYS!
A COWARD .. I'M A COWARD! WHY DIDN'T I FIGHT BACK!
THE WAR SPREAD OUT OVER THE UNIVERSE WITH ITS DEVOURING FINGERS OF FIRE...
1939
1940
1941
SLOWLY, WITH THE BLOATED BLOOD-LUST OF AN OCTUPUS THE HIDEOUS BLACK SWASTIKA SPREADS ITS TENACLES ACROSS HALF THE WORLD...
BUT OUT OF THE CHASM OF TERROR BLOSSOMED ONE WHITE HOPE .. A FIGHTING SYMBOL OF FREEDOM THE COMMANDOS!
OUR MISSION IS ACCOMPLISHED! BACK TO THE BARGE BOYS!
WHERE ARE THOSE BEAUTIFUL FRENCH DAMES I'VE HEARD ABOUT?
NEVER MIND TALKING! HURRY UP SO I CAN CAST THIS BOAT OFF!

AN HOUR LATER AS THE COMMANDOS REACH THEIR HOME BASE.
YIPPEE! HOME AGAIN WITH ALL THE...
COMFORTS OF HOME OH BOY, SITTING DOWN! AND NOT IN A MUD-HOLE EITHER!
SUDDENLY
THE MAJOR WANTS TO SEE YOU, CAPT COMMANDO!
OK! BE RIGHT WITH YOU!
I'VE IMPORTANT NEWS.. VERY IMPORTANT NEWS!
WHAT IS IT, SIR?
WHAT IS IT, MAJOR?
COME IN, COMMANDO, I HEAR YOUR LAST RAID WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL. I'M SORRY THAT I HAD TO DISTURB YOUR REST, BUT
HERE'S THE SET-UP, CAPTAIN! NOW LISTEN CLOSELY! BZZ. BZZ.. BZZ
WHAT! TH'S TH'S GOSH! I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY!
A FEW MINUTES LATER
BOY, WHAT FUN WE'LL HAVE TONIGHT!
HURRY UP, CAP. WE'RE GOING TO PAINT THE TOWN RED!
I'M SORRY, BOYS BUT WE CAN'T GO TONIGHT. OUR LEAVE HAS BEEN CANCELLED!
AW GEE, THAT'S ASKING TOO MUCH! WHAT'S THE REASON?
YOU'D BE WILLING TO CANCEL MORE THAN YOUR LEAVE FOR WHAT I'M ABOUT TO TELL YOU, MEN. IT'S HERE AT LAST. THE THING WE'VE PRAYED FOR! FOUGHT FOR.. DIED FOR INVASION!

YAHOOOOOO
THIS IS THE MOMENT WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR.. HITLER, HERE WE COME!
INVASION!
WHILE CAPT COMMANDO AND THE BOY SOLDIERS PREPARE TO TAKE THE OFFENSIVE, LET'S CHANGE THE SCENE TO A FIGURE WE'VE SEEN BEFORE WELL, HE'S DOING K P (KITCHEN POLICE) DUTY
KP, JUST BECAUSE I'M SCARED OF FIRING A RIFLE! AW NUTS! I'LL NEVER BE ANY K ND OF CHAMP!
HIYA, CHAMP! YOU SURE DUCKED FAST WHEN YOU HEARD BULLETS DURING OUR MOCK BATTLE! HA HA, AIN'T HE THE MOMMA'S BOY!
CHAMP? YOU MEAN CHUMP! HA HA!
SUDDENLY ONE OF THE SOLDIERS PULLS OUT HIS PISTOL AND...
WATCH ME MAKE HIM RUN!
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
(GASP) M SCARED OF GUNS! I M GETTING OUT OF HERE! (GASP)
TH S BARGE W LL H DE ME!
BUT AS HE LEAPS
BAM
THAT NIGHT CAPT COMMANDO AND HIS MEN STEAM TO THE OPPOSITE SHORE IN THE INVASION BOAT

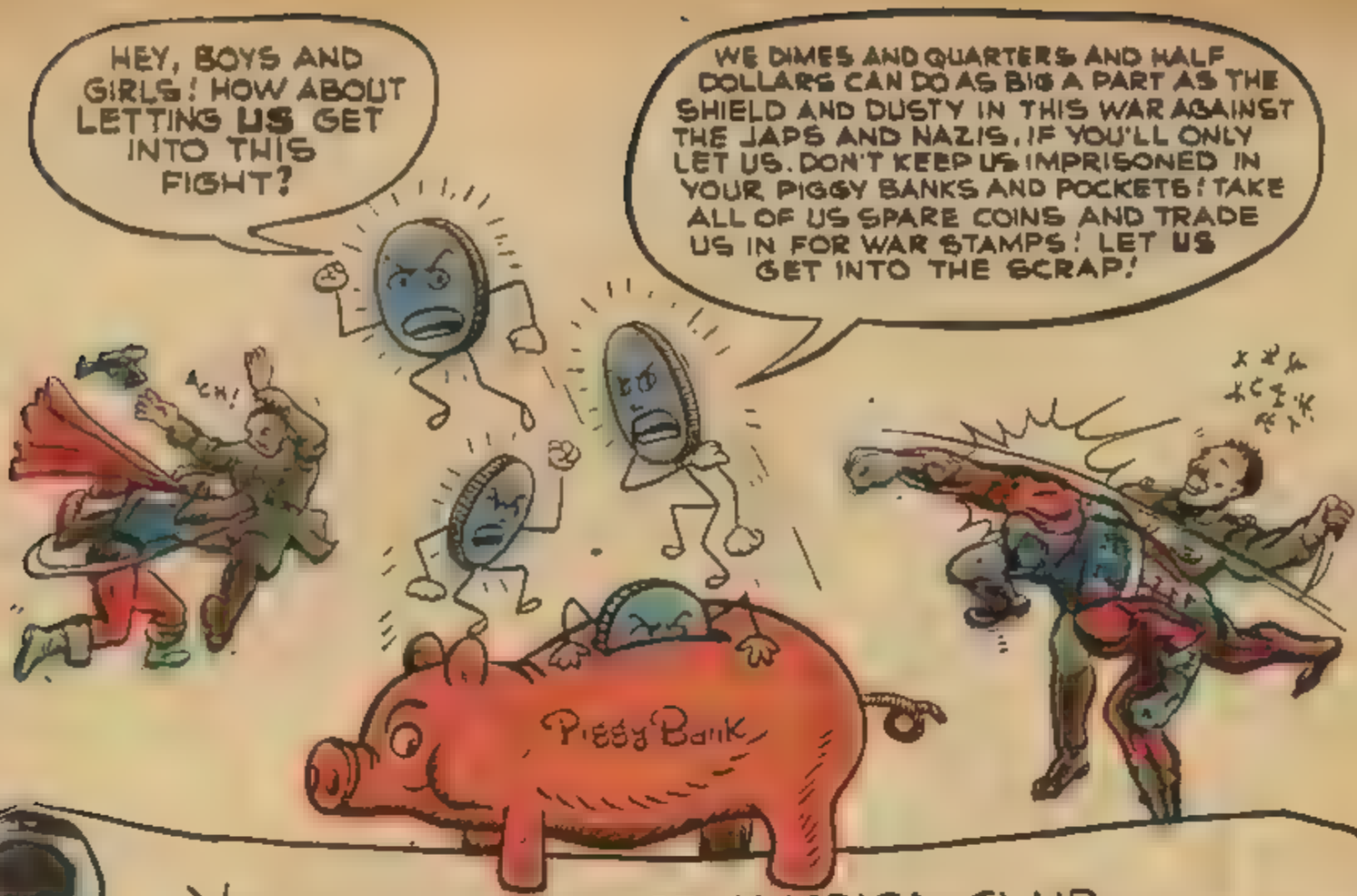
LOOK, A BODY!
WELL I'LL BE IT'S RED BREWSTER! WHAT HAPPENED?
I ONLY REMEMBER GUNS GOING OFF!
HA HA THE GREAT BIG MAN'S AFRAID OF POP PISTOLS!
A YELLOW CHAMP! HA, HA!
THANKS, BUT THOSE KIDS WERE CORRECT I'M YELLOW ALL RIGHT!
CAPT COMMANDO ENTERS
I'M ASHAMED OF YOU BOYS! GO BACK TO YOUR QUARTERS!
THAT'S NO WAY FOR A RED-BLOODED AMERICAN TO TALK!
I WAS ONCE KICKED AROUND BECAUSE I WAS A WEAKLING BUT I DECIDED TO DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT!
I FORGOT ABOUT MY PUNY SELF AND THOUGHT OF ME, PLUS OTHERS EVERYONE I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY TO BE SORRY FOR MYSELF!
YOU'RE RIGHT CAPTAIN — YOU'RE RIGHT! I'LL BE CHAMP YET!
THE ENEMY'S COAST IS IN SIGHT THE COMMANDOS LOAD THEIR AMMUNITION INTO A RUBBER BOAT
HEY! CAN I COME ALONG WITH YOU FELLOWS?
WELL, ER, ALL RIGHT BUT MOVE QUIETLY!
EASY NOW! DON'T MAKE ANY NOISE!

WHEN THEY LAND..
GET THOSE SENTRIES' THEN TO THE AIRPORT'
SPLAT
NOT BAD'
HOW YOU DOIN'?
HERE'S A SPECIAL FROM THE FUTURE CHAMP'
SUDDENLY
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
BANG
I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE'
HALT!
WHAT...
ONE OF THE SENTRIES GETS AWAY
I'M SORRY MY TALK DIDN'T HELP YOU, RED! OOPS, FOR-GIVE ME FOR A MINUTE' ONE OF THE RATZIS IS GETTING PLAYFUL!
DER COMMANDOS' I MUST WARN DER CHIEF!

YOU BLUNDERING FOOL.. THE NVASION IS A FAILURE NOW!
I-I TRIED TO BE BRAVE CAPTAIN- BUT IT'S NO USE!! GUESS I'LL ALWAYS BE A COWARD!
MEANWHILE AT THE NAZI CAMP AT THE VITAL AIRPORT
DER COMMANDOS ARE HERE!
DER FIRST INVASION, EH? CALL DER MEN TO ARMS
REMEMBER VE MUST PROTECT DER AIRPORT. WIPE OUT DER COMMANDOS!
JAWOHL!
DUCK! HERE THEY COME!
TRAMP
TRAMP
AND THEN SUDDENLY
ACH, DU LIEBER! AN ATTACK FROM DER LEFT FLANK!
BOOM
BOOM
SAY, WHERE'S RED? HE'S GONE!
FORGET HIM, BOYS! WE'VE PLENTY OF WORK TO DO!
BUT WAIT! THE COMMANDOS AREN'T "OVER DERE" THEY'RE APPROACHING THE NOW DESERTED AIRPORT
HEY! WHAT ARE THOSE GUNS? I'D BETTER INVESTIGATE!
HURRY UP! TAKE POSITIONS!
DER COMMANDOS MUST BE OVER DERE! ATTACK!

BUT THEN WHO'S FIRING AT THE NAZ S ?
AGHHHH
COME ON YOU NAZIS! M NOT AFRAID ANY MORE!
IT'S RED BREWSTER!..
COME ON, YOU NAZI RATS! STEP UP AND GET YOUR RED HOT LEAD!
SNEAK UP BEHIND HIM!
SCHWEIN!
NO NAZI CAN LICK THE CHAMP!.. AAGGHHH!
CAPTAIN COMMANDO RUSHES TO RED BREWSTER..
RED!
LATER THAT EVENING AT NAZI HEADQUARTERS
HE CAME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS OUR INVASION WILL BE A SUCCESS
OUR FLEET'S BEEN BOMBED
WHAT? THE INVASION MUST HAVE STARTED WHY CAN'T WE COUNTER ATTACK FROM OUR AIRPORT
JAWOHL HERR COMMANDANT
I'D BETTER GET REINFORCEMENTS OR VERE SUNK DER !!?*+% COMMANDOS

THE INVASION HAS STARTED...
COME ON, MEN! LET'S GO!
FOLLOW-UP TROOPS POUR FROM SHIP TO SHORE AND THE ENEMY RETREATS BEFORE THE DELUGE
LONDON TIMES
EXTRA
INVASION BEGUN!!! COMMANDOS ESTABLISH BRIDGEHEAD! OUR FORCES FIRMLY ESTABLISHED!
WHILE BACK IN ENGLAND, THEIR TASK DONE, THE COMMANDOS STAND AROUND A LONE GRAVE. SILENTLY, CAPT. COMMANDO PLACES A WREATH ON THE MOUND
.....THE CHAMP!
RED BRUSTER


HEY, BOYS AND GIRLS! HOW ABOUT LETTING US GET INTO THIS FIGHT?
WE DIMES AND QUARTERS AND HALF DOLLARS CAN DO AS BIG A PART AS THE SHIELD AND DUSTY IN THIS WAR AGAINST THE JAPS AND NAZIS. IF YOU'LL ONLY LET US. DON'T KEEP US IMPRISONED IN YOUR PIGGY BANKS AND POCKETS! TAKE ALL OF US SPARE COINS AND TRADE US IN FOR WAR STAMPS! LET US GET INTO THE SCRAP!
ACH!
Piggy Bank

YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA CLUB

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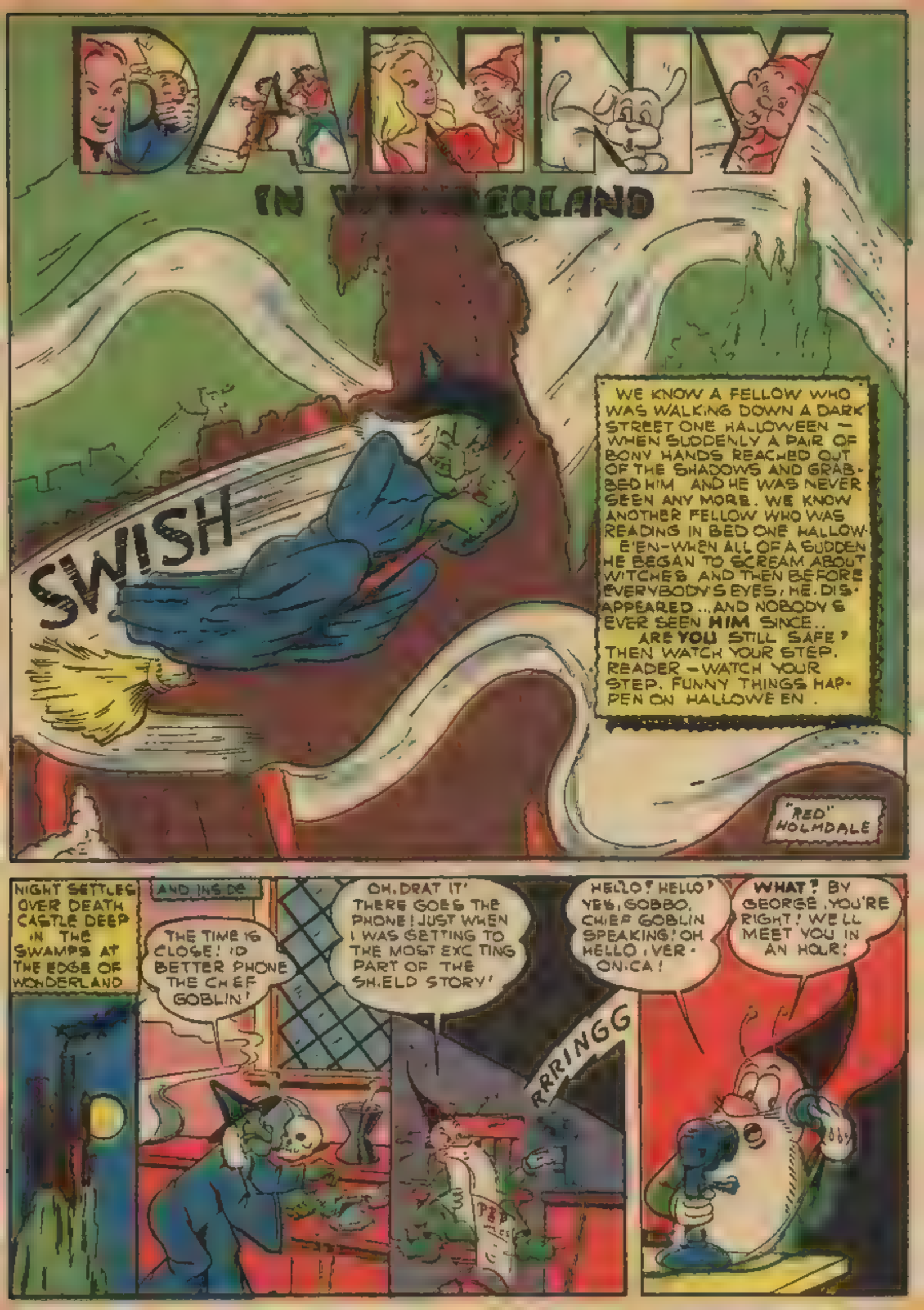
FREDERICK BIGGS JR BOX 314 LATTA, S C
RAY BONDANZA 2737 GOUGH, SAN FRANCISCO
HOWARD BROWN 203 FRASER ST BAY CITY MICH.
JOE CALABREESE, 1929 LEXINGTON AVE, N Y C.
D H CASTILLE JR 105 W ST PETER ST. N. IBERIA, LA.
TERESA COBB UNION, S CAROLINA
DAVID COFFEY, 54 LEE ST BRISTOL, VA
VIRGINIA ENGEL LAKE ANDES SO CAROLINA
FREDERICK FARR BOX 144 WATAUGA TENN
D GILBERT 701 W BUFFALO, RAWLINS, WYOMING
ED GREEN 11 E W 15TH ST NEW YORK N Y
LEON GROSDIER BOX 27, OVERTON, TEXAS
HELEN HANKIN 3605 VIRGINIA AVE BALTIMORE
BILLY HIGGINBOTHAM, BOX 134, GLASGOW, W VA
JOYCE HOROWITZ, 808 ADEE BRONX, N Y.
CALVIN HUCKABAY, P O BOX 84, BIENVILLE, LA
RICHARD HUFFMAN 04 GREEN ST CINCINNATI
JAMES HULL, KANSAS AV, SPRINGDALE, ARK
LEONARD IHLE ROUTE 4, BETHLEHEM, PA
ELAINE JACKSON 1258 HAYDEN E CLEVELAND, O.
ROBERT KAY R F D 1, THOMASTON GEORGIA
HOMER LAMEY, 807-37TH ST GALVESTON, GA.
MAXINE LICHTMAN 10H TIFFANY ST. BRONX, N Y
MILTON MCDONALD, 1910 CONVERSE E ST LOUIS, ILL
JOE MCKENNA 194 W SPENCER ST PHILA PA
MARG MCKENNA, 194 W SPENCER ST PHILA PA
JOHN MANKOWSKI 2351 E CLEARFIELD, PHILA, PA
EDWARD MAPP, 4 3 W 141 ST NEW YORK N Y
ROBERT MINER, R.D #2, ALLIANCE, OHIO
JOHN MOORE, 209 3RD ST PHILIPSBURG, PA
F NICHOLSON, E CAMBRIDGE, GREENWOOD S.C.
BILLY ORTH, 310 VILLA ESTA. MACON, GA.
ANNA ORTWEIN, ROUTE 4 S. EDERSVILLE, PA
HARRY PAULINO 1105 SEYMOUR DR ASHTABULA, O
WALLACE PUTNAM, N IPSWICH N. HAMPSHIRE
ROGER REA, 417 CATHERINE ST MEDINA N Y
JEANNE SADLER 620 VENABLE AV BALTIMORE, MD
ROBERT SCHMIDT, R D #1, BOX 93, ALIQUIPPA, PA
RICHARD SCHUSTER, 1343 ORANGE, SANTA ANNA CAL
CHARLES SEARS, 230 PETTEBONE, DURVEA, PENN.
BLANCHE SINGER, 560 E MAIN ST ALLIANCE, OHIO
ART STOUGH, 29 W 16 ST ERIE, PENNSYLVANIA
GEORGE TEMPLIN JR 2716 DOWLING N MINNEAPOLIS
ROBERT TRAGO, MCCARTNEY PO MADERA PA
M TUMMINELLO, 311 W 5TH ST TUSCUMBIA ALABAMA
RAPHAEL VASQUEZ, 1637 PARK AVE. NEW YORK, N.Y.
CHESTER VERCHUK, 214 PETTEBONE, DURVEA, PA

JOIN THE YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA .... AN ACTIVE CLUB WHERE YOUR ENTRANCE TICKET INTO THE SCRAP WITH ADOLF, BENITO AND HIROHITO IS A VICTORY STAMP. IF YOU CAN TRUTHFULLY FILL OUT THE FOLLOWING COUPON, YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR MEMBERSHIP. REMEMBER, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CAN AFFORD A 10¢ WAR STAMP OR A $50 00 BOND — BUY ALL YOU CAN AFFORD, AND YOU'RE ELIGIBLE FOR THIS CLUB! FILL OUT THE COUPON [redacted] COPY IT ON A POSTCARD, AND SEND IT ALONG TO US, AND YOUR NAME WILL APPEAR IN THE NEAR FUTURE ON THE MEMBERSHIP LISTS ON THIS PAGE!

ON MY HONOR AS A LOYAL, PATRIOTIC AMERICAN, I PLEDGE THAT I HAVE BOUGHT VICTORY STAMPS (OR A STAMP) AND AM ELIGIBLE FOR THE "YOUNG SOLDIERS OF AMERICA" CLUB!

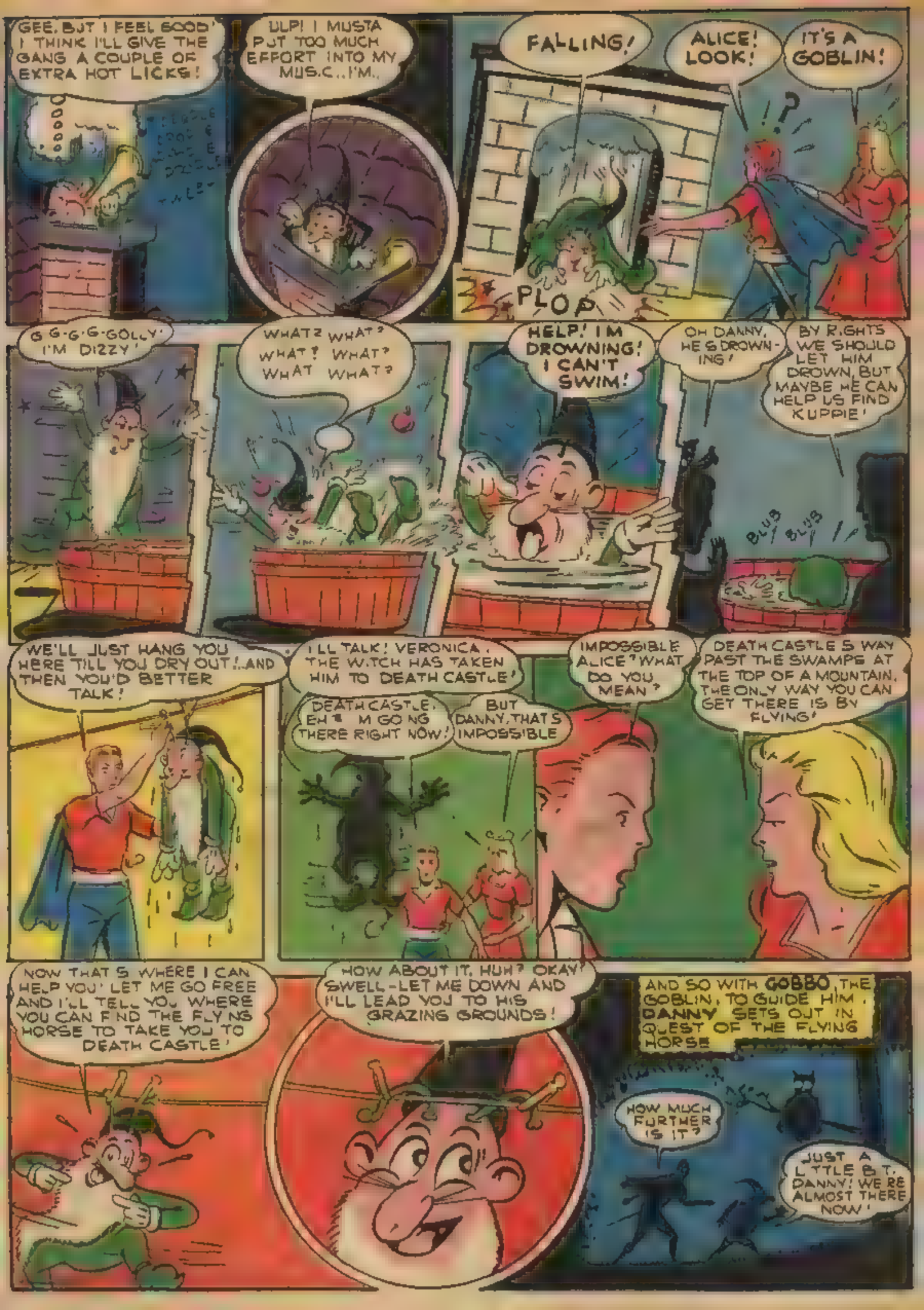
FULL NAME (PRINT PLAINLY) .....

ADDRESS { STREET ..... CITY ..... STATE .....


DANNY
IN WONDERLAND
SWISH
WE KNOW A FELLOW WHO WAS WALKING DOWN A DARK STREET ONE HALLOWEEN — WHEN SUDDENLY A PAIR OF BONY HANDS REACHED OUT OF THE SHADOWS AND GRABBED HIM AND HE WAS NEVER SEEN ANY MORE. WE KNOW ANOTHER FELLOW WHO WAS READING IN BED ONE HALLOWE'EN-WHEN ALL OF A SUDDEN HE BEGAN TO SCREAM ABOUT WITCHES AND THEN BEFORE EVERYBODY'S EYES, HE DISAPPEARED ...AND NOBODY'S EVER SEEN HIM SINCE..
ARE YOU STILL SAFE? THEN WATCH YOUR STEP, READER — WATCH YOUR STEP. FUNNY THINGS HAPPEN ON HALLOWE'EN.
"RED" HOLMDALE
NIGHT SETTLES OVER DEATH CASTLE DEEP IN THE SWAMPS AT THE EDGE OF WONDERLAND
AND INSIDE
THE TIME IS CLOSE! I'D BETTER PHONE THE CHIEF GOBLIN!
OH, DRAT IT! THERE GOES THE PHONE! JUST WHEN I WAS GETTING TO THE MOST EXCITING PART OF THE SHIELD STORY!
RRRINGG
HELLO? HELLO? YES, GOBBO, CHIEF GOBLIN SPEAKING! OH HELLO, VERONICA!
WHAT? BY GEORGE, YOU'RE RIGHT! WE'LL MEET YOU IN AN HOUR!

I'VE GOT TO GET THE BOYS TOGETHER'
ONE HOUR LATER, THE GOBLINS AND VERONICA, THE WITCH MEET ON BALD MOUNTAIN
HALLOWE'EN WILL BE HERE VERY SOON, GOBLINS! ARE YOU READY?
ALL READY VERONICA'
OKAY THEN! LET'S GO TO TOWN'
HEY, WAIT' I JUST THOUGHT OF SOMETHING. WE CAN'T GO YET'
SWISH
WELL, WHAT'S THE MATTER NOW?
IT'S ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO TWELVE AND OUR UNION CARD SAYS WE CAN'T GO HAUNTIN' TILL TWELVE SHARP!
WELL, DON'T BE IMPATIENT, VERONICA THERE'S ONLY FIVE MINUTES TO GO!
OKAY! TWELVE MIDNIGHT!
ARE YOU BOYS UP THERE READY TO GIVE US A MUSICAL SEND-OFF?
OKAY, GOBBO, HERE COMES OUR GENE KRUPA SPECIAL'
READY FOR ANOTHER THUNDER BOLT, CAREWE'
HAND T OVER LANYON'
BOOM BOOM DRUMBOOM
AND SO WITH A FANFARE OF THUNDER AND LIGHTNING, THE WITCH AND GOBLINS TAKE OFF'
HEH, HEH, ARE WE GOING TO GIVE OUR FELLOW WONDERLANDERS SOMETHING TO SCREAM ABOUT'
REMEMBER' LOOK FOR A HOUSE WHICH HAS NO JACK O'LANTERN'
MEANWHILE AT A PARTY INSIDE ONE OF THE HOUSES, KUPPIE HAS BEEN ELECTED TO BE THE BLIND MAN IN A GAME OF BLIND MAN'S BUFF
HEY KUPPIE, HERE I AM, RIGHT NEXT TO YOU TRY AND GET ME'

SUDDENLY A STRAY THUNDERBOLT HITS THE LIGHTING SYSTEM AND
CRAKKKLE
OUT GO THE LIGHTS
THE LIGHTS! WHO TURNED OUT THE LIGHTS?
GOSH, IT'S DARK IN HERE!
WHAT'LL WE DO NOW?
JUST BE CALM, EVERYBODY - I KNOW WHERE THERES A LIGHT! JUST WAIT'LL I GET MY BLIND-FOLD OFF!
I DON'T KNOW WHY EVERYONE WAS SO EXCITED - WHEN THERE WAS THIS CANDLE IN THE PUMPKIN IN THE WINDOW!
HOLY CATS! IS THAT WHERE YOU GOT THE CANDLE?
YES, WHY?
DONT YOU KNOW THAT THE WITCHES AND GOBLINS CAN GET YOU IF YOU DON'T HAVE A LIGHTED JACK O LANTERN IN YOUR WINDOW? QUICK! PUT IT BACK!
MEANWHILE OUTSIDE
WE CAN'T GET INTO ANY OF THESE HOUSES, VERONICA! THEY'VE ALL GOT JACK O LANTERNS IN THE WINDOWS!
WHAT ABOUT THAT HOUSE DOWN THE BLOCK? QUICK, CLIMB ON TOP OF THE CHIMNEY AND KEEP A LOOK-OUT FOR DAWN!
HE-HE-I'LL TAKE CARE OF SOMEONE IN THAT HOUSE, HEH, HEH, HEH I'LL TAKE CARE OF SOMEONE ALL RIGHT!
AND BACK AT THE HOUSE
IT'S ALL RIGHT, KUPPIE JUST PUT THAT CANDLE BACK!
GEE, I'M AWFULLY SORRY, DANNY, I DON'T KNOW
WHAT LOOK OUT KUPPIE! A WITCH!
WHICH WITCH?
KUPPIE!
ZIP!
OKAY, GOB, I'VE GOT ONE! BLOW YOUR HORN FOR YOUR GOBLINS TO RETURN HOME!
DOODLE DOODLE BRAAAACK JUMPIN' JIVE!!!


GEE, BUT I FEEL GOOD! I THINK I'LL GIVE THE GANG A COUPLE OF EXTRA HOT LICKS!
ULP! I MUSTA PUT TOO MUCH EFFORT INTO MY MUS.C..I'M..
FALLING!
ALICE! LOOK!
IT'S A GOBLIN!
PLOP
G-G-G-GOLLY! I'M DIZZY!
WHAT? WHAT? WHAT! WHAT? WHAT WHAT?
HELP! I'M DROWNING! I CAN'T SWIM!
OH DANNY, HE'S DROWNING!
BY RIGHTS WE SHOULD LET HIM DROWN, BUT MAYBE HE CAN HELP US FIND KUPPIE!
BLUB BLUB
WE'LL JUST HANG YOU HERE TILL YOU DRY OUT!..AND THEN YOU'D BETTER TALK!
I'LL TALK! VERONICA, THE WITCH HAS TAKEN HIM TO DEATH CASTLE!
DEATH CASTLE, EH? I'M GOING THERE RIGHT NOW!
BUT DANNY, THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE
IMPOSSIBLE ALICE? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
DEATH CASTLE'S WAY PAST THE SWAMPS AT THE TOP OF A MOUNTAIN. THE ONLY WAY YOU CAN GET THERE IS BY FLYING!
NOW THAT'S WHERE I CAN HELP YOU! LET ME GO FREE AND I'LL TELL YOU WHERE YOU CAN FIND THE FLYING HORSE TO TAKE YOU TO DEATH CASTLE!
HOW ABOUT IT, HUH? OKAY! SWELL-LET ME DOWN AND I'LL LEAD YOU TO HIS GRAZING GROUNDS!
AND SO WITH GOBBO, THE GOBLIN, TO GUIDE HIM, DANNY SETS OUT IN QUEST OF THE FLYING HORSE
HOW MUCH FURTHER IS IT?
JUST A LITTLE BIT, DANNY! WE'RE ALMOST THERE NOW!

AND THEN AT LAST
WELL, THERE HE IS! NOW TO GO ABOUT LASSOING HIM!
WAIT, LET ME DO IT, DANNY. I'VE ALWAYS FELT THAT I HAVE A KNACK FOR THIS SORT OF THING!
SOON
ULP! HALP! DANNY!
OH, OH! IT ISN'T WORKING OUT SO GOOD!
ALL RIGHT, GOBBO, RELAX! I'VE GOT HIM UNDER CONTROL!
DANNY AND GOBBO MOUNT THE HORSE, AND.
OKAY DANNY! WE'RE ON OUR WAY!
NOW WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!
... TURN AT THE RED STAR AND GO DUE WEST FOR FOUR MILES!
TURN AT RED STAR - DUE WEST FOUR MILES - RIGHT!
MEANWHILE AT THE WITCH'S CASTLE, KUPPIE IS PUT TO WORK IN THE KITCHEN
ALL RIGHT YOU - I'VE GOT PLENTY OF WORK FOR YOU!
B-BUT MY KNEES ARE KNOCKING TOGETHER SO MUCH I'M NOT FIT TO WORK MISS WITCH!
START FILLING THIS SACK WITH FLOUR. AND IF I CATCH YOU STOPPING WORK FOR ONE MINUTE, I'LL BREAK EVERY BONE IN YOUR HEAD! GET GOING!
Y-YES MAM!
TEN MINUTES LATER
GUUG! GEE, IN A HOUSE THAT HAS AS MUCH MAGIC AS THIS ONE, THERE OUGHT TO BE AN EASIER WAY OF DOING THINGS!

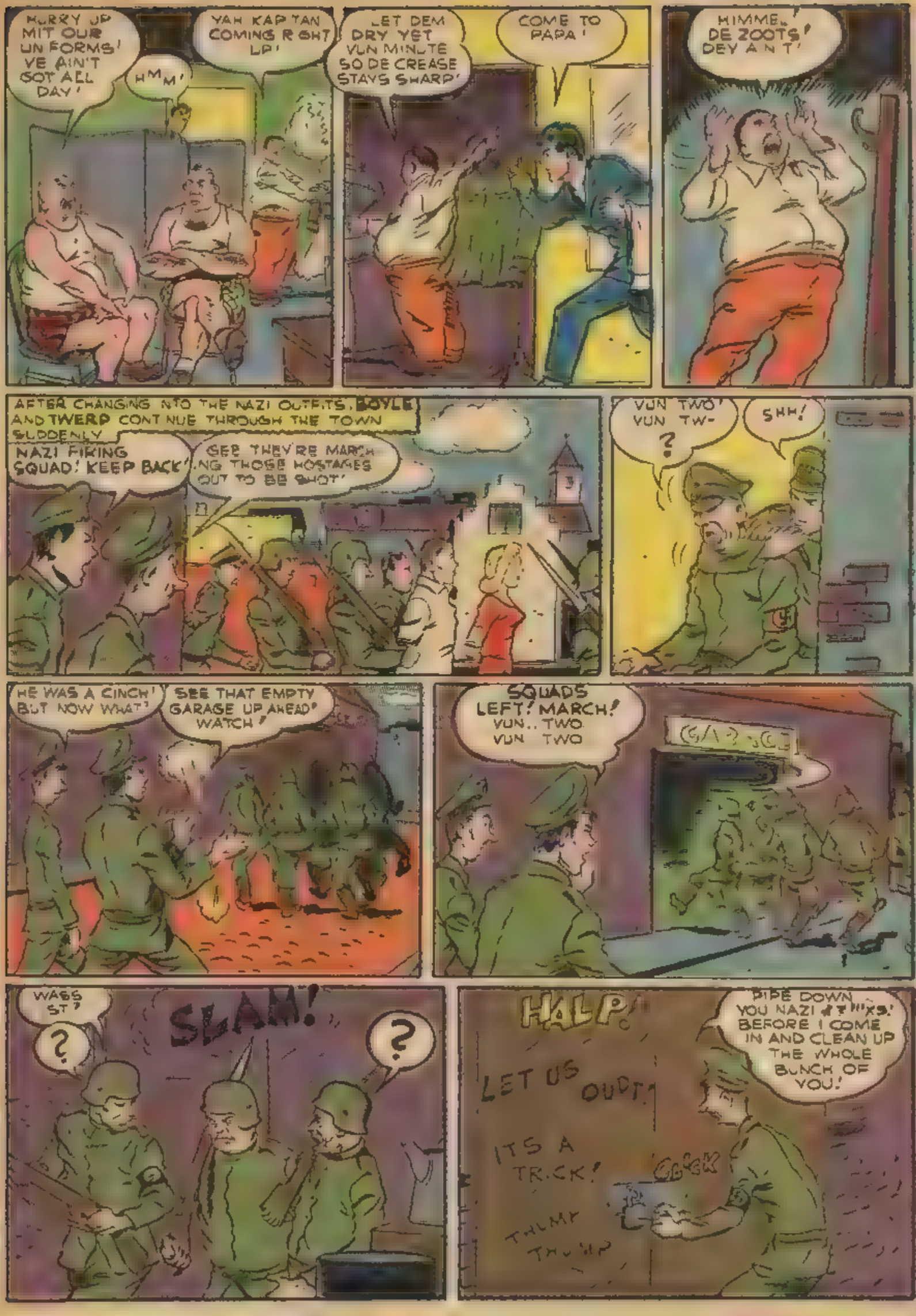
LATER
GOLLY, THIS WORK IS TOO HARD I'M GONNA TRY AN EASIER WAY OF CARRYIN' THIS FLOUR!
THE WITCH HAS GONE TO SLEEP. I'LL-JUST GRAB HER HAT AND TAKE A QUICK LOOK THROUGH THIS BOOK!
SOON AFTERWARDS
NOW - YOU BAGS OF FLOUR! YOU'RE GONNA WORK FOR ME!
ABRACADABRA SCIMOCPEP~ UP-- UP -- UP -- AND START MOVING!
SLOWLY, THE BAGS OF FLOUR RISE AND BEGIN TO MOVE FORWARD
C'MON! C'MON! RIGHT THIS WAY!
THAT'S THE IDEA! RIGHT UP THESE STAIRS!
FOR ALMOST AN HOUR, THE BAGS OF FLOUR WALK~ TO THE BREAD VESSEL AND EMPTY THEMSELVES. AND THEN
ALL RIGHT, FLOUR! THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY!
I SAID THAT'S ENOUGH FOR TODAY! HOLY CATS! THEY'RE NOT LISTENING TO ME!
G-GOSH, I'D BETTER C-CLOSE THIS DOOR AND KEEP 'EM OUT!
BUT THE BAGS OF FLOUR DUMP THEMSELVES THROUGH THE TRANSOM
AND THEY KEEP COMING
HOLY HERRING! WHAT AM I GONNA DO NOW?
GEE, THIS IS GETTING SERIOUS!
FLOUR

MEANWHILE VERONICA AWAKENS
MY HAT'S GONE AND SOME-ONE'S OPENED MY BOOK! WHAT'S GOING ON AROUND HERE?
I BETTER DO SOME QUICK INVESTIGATING!
SO THAT'S IT EH? WHY, YOU MEDDLING FOOL
WITCH! BOY, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU! W-WILL YOU PLEASE STOP THESE BAGS OF FLOUR!
STOP 'EM, EH? YOU FOOL! YOU'VE CHOSEN THE ONE MAGIC TRICK WHICH CAN'T BE STOPPED. I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!
BUT
JUK! THE ★.?&.; BROOM'S STUCK IN THE DOUGH!
JUST THEN DANNY AND GOBBO BURST THROUGH THE WINDOW
HERE YARE KUPPE - GRAB THIS!
THANKS, DANNY! YOU'RE A LIFE SAVER!
AND THEN THE THREE FLY OUT OF THE WINDOW AGAIN.
OUR JOB ISN'T FINISHED YET DANNY. WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME THUNDERBOLTS FROM MY TERRITORY AND MAKE SURE THE FLOUR DOESN'T FLOOD THE VILLAGE DOWN BELOW!
PLOP!
OKAY GOBBO! LEAD ON!
FINALLY
YOU'VE GOT IT GOBBO! SWELL! HAND IT HERE!
OKAY DANNY!
LET 'ER GO!
BOOM!
AND SO, READERS, IF YOU SHOULD EVER JOURNEY TO THE EDGE OF WONDERLAND AND SEE A GINGER-BREAD CASTLE ON THE TOP OF THE MOUNTAIN YOU'LL KNOW HOW IT CAME TO BE THERE!
MORE EXCITING ADVENTURES WITH DANNY and KUPPIE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP Comics!

SERGEANT BOYLE
POOF!
POOF!
POOF
AS OUR STORY OPENS A TRAIN LOADED WITH NAZI SOLDIERS AND MUNITIONS FOR THE FRONT PULLS OUT OF A SMALL DUTCH STATION
R-9-10 SOLDIERS O K
5-6 7
HERE COMES THE CONDUCTOR, TWERP! DON'T FORGET NOW, WE'RE IMPORTANT HUNGARIAN DIPLOMATS!
NOT SO LOUD, BOYLE! ONE OF THESE HEIN'E SOLDIERS MIGHT WAKE UP!
WELL BE IN SCHEVENINGEN IN A COUPLE OF HOURS THEN WE CAN CONTACT THAT ENGLISH SPY WE'VE BEEN SENT FOR!
IT WOULD BE A LOT EASIER IF I KNEW WHOM TO LOOK FOR OR WHERE HE HANGS OUT!
TICKETS! CREDENTIALS! HAND THEM OVER!
HERE THEY ARE! AND I SUGGEST YOU ADDRESS THE HUNGARIAN DIPLOMATIC STAFF A LITTLE MORE POLITELY!
HMM YOUR PAPERS SEEM TO BE IN ORDER! FOLLOW ME, PLEASE!
? ?

THIS TRAIN SURE IS LONG! WHERE'S HE TAKING US-UP TO THE ENGINE?
JUST A LEETLE FARTHER!
SO! DOT ISS BETTER, NOT YES!
BOY! A FIRST CLASS COMPARTMENT UP FRONT ALL TO OURSELVES! I GUESS HE COULD SEE WE WERE BIG SHOTS, ALL RIGHT!
YEP! HE PUT US RIGHT BEHIND THE MUNITIONS CARS! IN CASE THE TRAIN GETS SABOTAGED WE'LL BE KILLED OUTRIGHT INSTEAD OF JUST BEING HORRIBLY MANGLED!
K-KILLED? OOOHHH!
LATER..
THE TRAIN'S STOPPED AND I'M STARVING! LET'S GO TO THE ONE-ARM JOINT OUTSIDE!
OWW! I STILL DON'T FEEL HUNGRY, SARGE! SUPPOSING WE GET WRECKED?
STOP WORRYING, WILL YOU? I'M SORRY I MENTIONED IT! LET'S EAT AND FORGET ABOUT IT!
WE'RE STOPPING! I WONDER WHAT TOWN THIS IS?
HALF AN HOUR LATER..
WHAT A MEAL, SARGE! THESE DUTCH SURE CAN COOK!
DON'T BE DUMB! THIS WHOLE TOWN IS RUN BY THE HEINIES! SAY! WE'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME!
HOLY SMOKE! THERE GOES OUR TRAIN! DON'T LOOK NOW, TWERP, BUT WE SEEM TO BE STRANDED!
GOSH!! OUR MONEY! I LEFT IT IN THE COMPARTMENT! WE'RE BROKE!

HOW ARE WE GONNA PAY FOR ALL THIS SARGE? OLD PICKLEPUSS SEEMS TO BE GETTING IMPATIENT!
WELL HAVE TO STALL HIM OFF FOR A WHILE! ORDER SOME MORE COFFEE! MAYBE I CAN THINK UP A WAY OUT!
UGH! SARGE, ONE MORE CUP OF COFFEE AN' I'LL BUST! BESIDES I DON'T LIKE COFFEE!
WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE A BREAK FOR IT 'OUT THE WINDOW QUICK!
CRASH
CROOKS! ROBBERS BANDITS! COME BACK!
HE'D MAKE A GOOD AIR RAID SIREN!
POLEECE POLEECE
YOU SAID IT! LET'S GET OUT OF HERE!
DINING
OK BY ME! BUT WHERE CAN WE HIDE?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN, HIDE? WE'VE STILL GOT A JOB TO DO!
SURE! BUT IF THE GUY WE'RE LOOKING FOR IS IN SCHEVENINGEN WE WON'T FIND HIM HERE IN THE HAGUE!
SHHH.. THAT SOLDIER LOOKED PRETTY SUSPICIOUS! WE'VE GOT TO GET SOME DIFFERENT DUDS!
BESIDES THIS TOWN IS TOO HEAVILY OCCUPIED TO SUIT ME!
TAILOR
WAIT UP, TWERP! HOW ABOUT GETTING OUR SUITS FROM THE TAILOR!
ARE YOU CRAZY! WE DON'T HAVE ANY SUITS IN THERE!


HURRY UP MIT OUR UN FORMS! VE AIN'T GOT ALL DAY!
HMM'
YAH KAPTAN COMING R'GHT UP!
LET DEM DRY YET VUN MINUTE SO DE CREASE STAYS SHARP'
COME TO PAPA!
HIMMEL DE ZOOTS! DEY A N T!
AFTER CHANGING NTO THE NAZI OUTFITS, BOYLE AND TWERP CONT NUE THROUGH THE TOWN SUDDENLY
NAZI FIRING SQUAD! KEEP BACK!
SEE THEY'RE MARCH NG THOSE HOSTAGES OUT TO BE SHOT!
VUN TWO! VUN TW-
?
SHH!
HE WAS A CINCH! BUT NOW WHAT?
SEE THAT EMPTY GARAGE UP AHEAD! WATCH!
SQUADS LEFT! MARCH! VUN.. TWO VUN TWO
WASS ST?
?
SLAM!
?
HALP!
LET US OUT!
ITS A TR.CK!
THUMP THUMP
CRASH
PIPE DOWN YOU NAZI #?!!X$! BEFORE I COME IN AND CLEAN UP THE WHOLE BUNCH OF YOU!

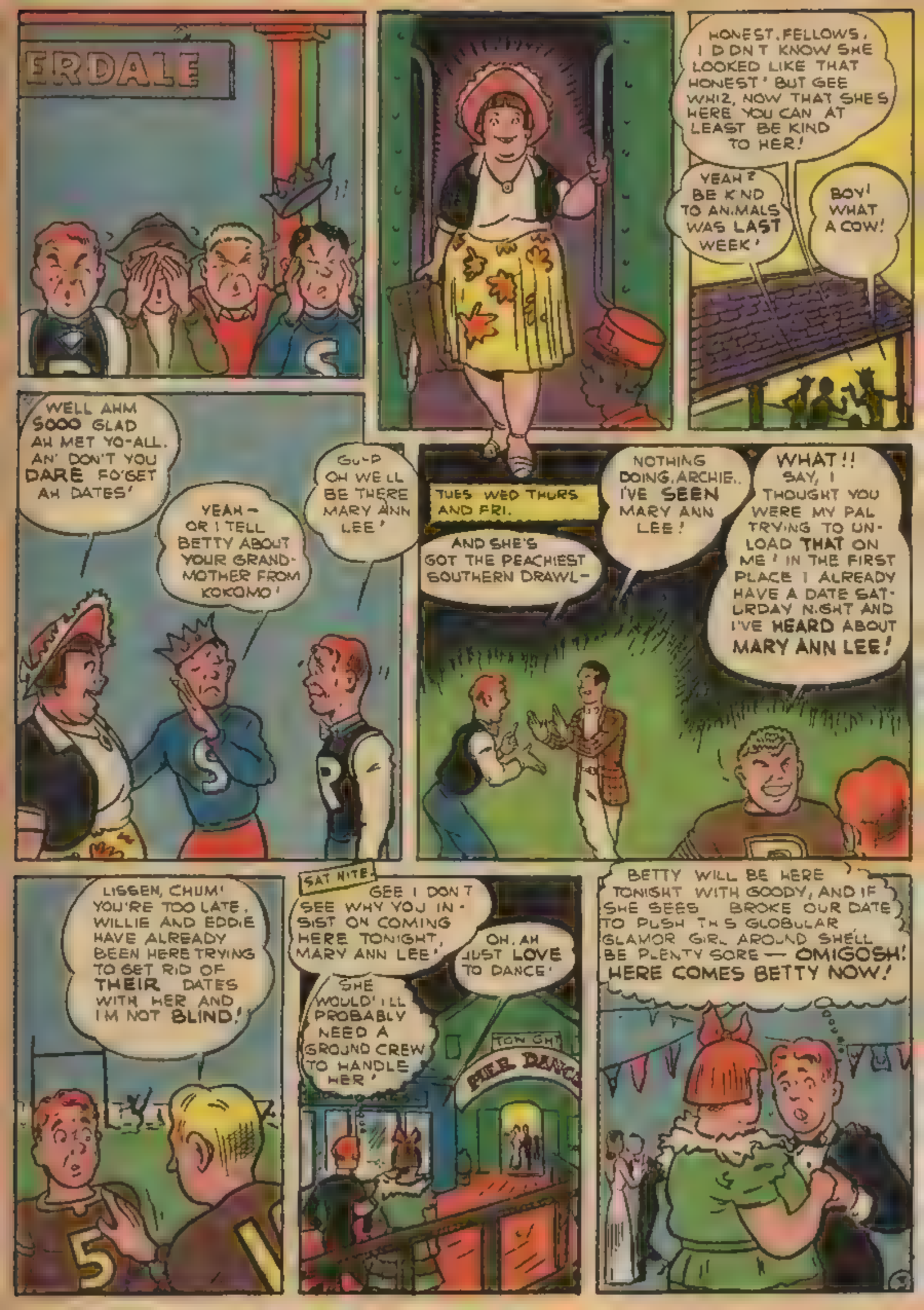
YOU GUYS BETTER GET OUT OF TOWN FAST! THEY WON'T LEAVE A STONE UNTURNED!
DON'T WORRY! THEY WON'T SEE US FOR SMOKE! AND THANKS A MILLION!
THAT GOES FOR YOU TOO, MISS! AND YOU'D BETTER WARN YOUR FAMILY TO BEAT IT BEFORE THEY GET ARRESTED TOO!
I-I HAVE NO FAMILY ANY MORE! I'M THE ONLY ONE LEFT! PLEASE, YOU MUST HELP ME!
LOOK! DERE ARE DOSE GUYS AND THEY'RE VEARING OUR SUITS!
HEY! COME BACK MIT OUR UN FORMS!
OH,OH! HERE THEY ARE AGAIN!
C'MON WE'LL GIVE THOSE DODOS THE SLIP!
YOU BOYS GO ON! IF THEY CATCH YOU YOU'LL BE SHOT!
VAIT! STOP!
NOT A CHANCE! THEY'VE BEEN TRYING TO DO THAT FOR A LONG TIME ANYWAY!
QUICK! 'N HERE!
HOSPITAL
SERVICE ENTRANCE
MAYBE DEY VENT IN DERE! YOU GO SEE! I KEEP ON!
YAH! LOOK!
HAFF YOU SEEN TWO MEN IN UN FORMS UND A GIRL IN HERE?
WHEW! JUST MADE IT! I'M BEGINNING TO FEEL LIKE A QUICK CHANGE ARTIST!

OFFICERS? GIRL? WHAT ARE THEIR NAMES? WE HAVE SO MANY PATIENTS!
DUMKOPF! NOT PATIENTS, SPIEG!
NO! I DIDN'T SAY! LET ME LOOK AT YOU HMM YOU DON'T LOOK SO GOOD!
DOCTOR! COME LOOK AT THIS MAN!
ULP! I DON'T?
TSK! TSK VERY SERIOUS CASE! MY MY!
YEP! YOU'RE A VERY SICK MAN IN FACT IT'S A WONDER YOU'RE STILL ALIVE! STEP THIS WAY!
POW!
UGH!
SOCK
?
ACH!
BIFF
WHO ARE YOU? VOT ISS THE MEANING OF THIS?
SH! WE ARE THE NEW BRAIN SPECIALISTS! THIS IS A VERY VIOLENT CASE! GET US SOME SLEEPING POWDER
MPPFF! BLGGG! SPLTTT!
IT'S A SLEEPING POWDER, DOKTOR! DE NEW SPECIALISTS SENT FOR IT!
SPECIALISTS? VOT SPECIALISTS? I VOULD LIKE TO MEET DEM!
OH OH! HERE COMES THE WHOLE STAFF! THEY MUST HAVE SMELLED SOMETHING FISHY!
COME ON, MIGS! HERE WE GO AGAIN!
BROOM CLOSE
HURRY, SARGE, THEY'RE SHOOTING!
I GUESS NOBODY LOVES US, TWERP! LET'S TAKE THIS AMBULANCE!
BANG
BANG

YAH! YAH! SPIES! DEY HAFF STOLEN OUR AMBULANCE! AFTER DEM!
THEY'RE RIGHT BEHIND US SARGE!
I KNOW! LOOK! A BRIDGE UP AHEAD!
BANG
BETTER GET OUT YOUR GUN TWERP! LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A FIGHT ON OUR HANDS!
VEN VE SET ACROSS DE BRIDGE VE VILL HAFF DEM!
YAH IT VON'T BE LONG NOW!
VE'LL BE KILLED!
ACH! DER BRIDGE! T ISS GOING UP!
HIMMEL! I CAN'T STOP!
SPLASH!
SOMEBODY SURE DID US A GOOD TURN! LET'S GO SEE!
WOW!
CORP COLLINS!
?
H'YA BOYLE! I HEARD YOU WERE LOOKIN FOR ME! WHAT KEPT YOU SO LONG?
I SURE AM GLAD TO SEE YOU AGAIN! SO YOU'RE THE GUY THAT'S BEEN GIVING THE HEINIES ALL THESE HEAD-ACHES!
YEP! NOW TELL ME, WHAT BRINGS THAT HOMELY PUSS HERE?
WISH THERE WAS ROOM FOR MORE BUT WE'RE AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL THE NEXT ISSUE FOR MORE ADVENTURES OF SERGEANT BOYLE WITH CORPORAL COLLINS!

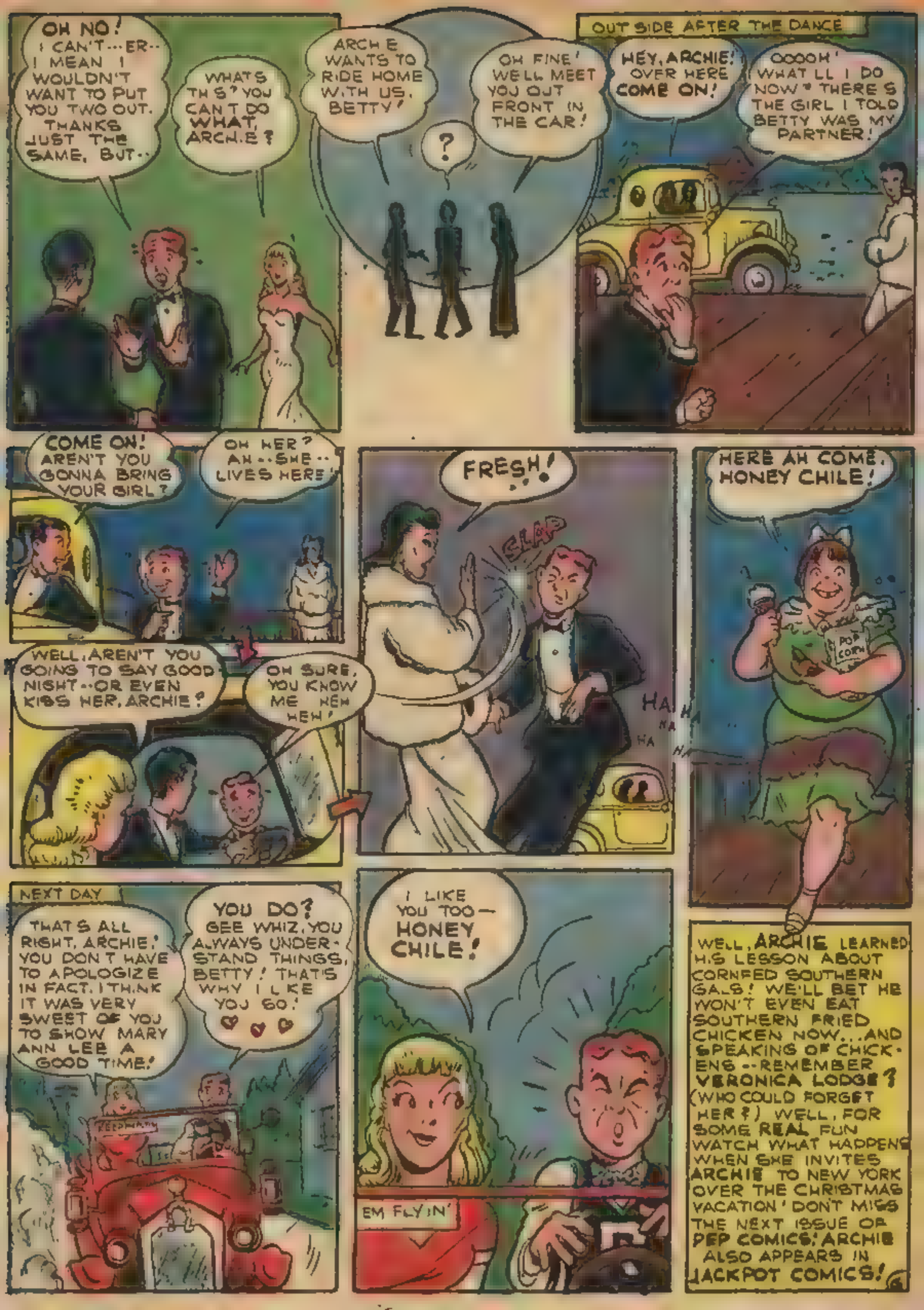
Archie
by Montana
GANGWAY! ARCHIE ANDREWS JUST GOT HIS ONE GALLON OF GAS RATION (X CARD) ADDED A PINT OF WATER AND A SHOT OF BENZEDRINE AND HE'S BACK ON THE STREETS OF RIVERDALE. BUT AS LONG AS HE CAN STAY ON THE STREET THE NATIVES HAVE A FIFTY-FIFTY CHANCE. HE'S RETURNING (WITH ACCOMPANIMENT) FROM THE FOOTBALL GAME AND IT LOOKS LIKE A VICTORY FOR OUR SIDE!
STAND UP AND CHEER CHEER LONG AND LOUD FOR DEAR OLD RIVERDALE
RIVERDALE - 13
MEREDITH - 0
BOY OH BOY! WHAT A GAME!
YEAH! THAT CALLS FOR SODA! ORDER UP A DOUBLE-DOUBLE!
THE CROWN
SODAS
CANDY
WELL, LOOK WHO'S HERE -- JUGHEAD! AN HE'S GOT A LETTER -- COULDN'T BE FROM A GIRL, COULD IT - JUG?
HEY! CUT IT OUT, FELLAS! CUT IT OUT!
I'VE GOT IT!

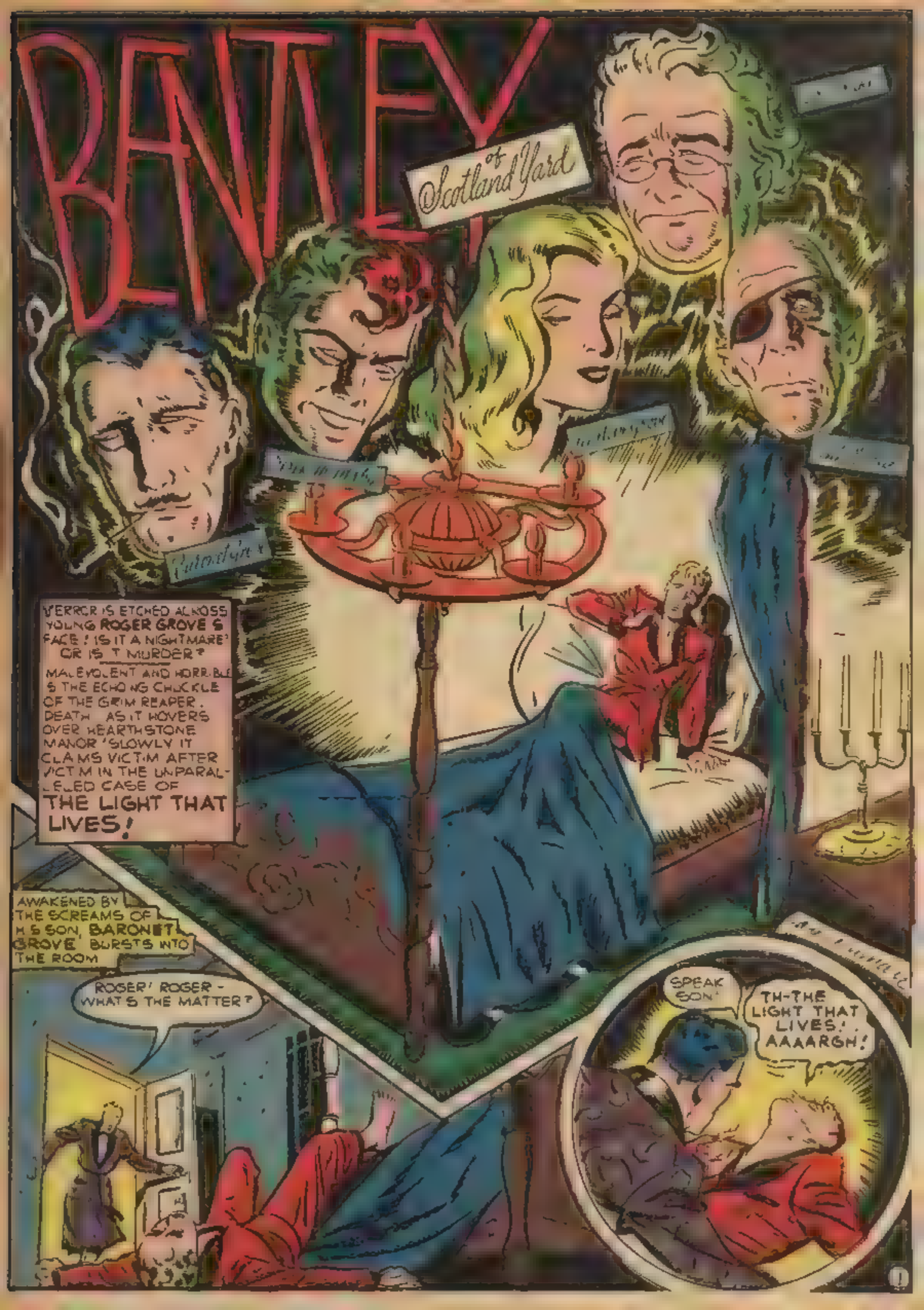
GET THIS, FELLAS! "DEAR COUSIN JUGHEAD. JUST A LINE TO LET YOU KNOW I ARRIVE MONDAY MORNING. IT WILL BE SO NICE TO SPEND A WEEK WITH YOU AND DEAR AUNTIE. LOTS OF LOVE AND KISSES' MARY ANN LEE"
AND ITS FROM RICHMOND VIRGINIA!
HEY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE A WOMAN-HATER, JUGHEAD!
YEAH— HOW ABOUT GIVING US A CHANCE?
OH MAMA! A REAL SOUTHERN BELLE!
COME ON JUG OLE PAL I'LL GIVE YOU A SODA FOR A DATE!
I'LL GIVE YOU TWO!
ME TOO!
OKAY! IT'S A DEAL! THREE SODAS APIECE!
HOT DOG I'VE GOT HER FIRST, MONDAY!
GO AHEAD, ARCHIE! PICK AN SEE WHAT NIGHT YOU DATE HER!
HMMMM! WOULDN'T YOU KNOW IT! SATURDAY! THAT'S THE NIGHT I HAVE A DATE TO TAKE BETTY TO THE PIER DANCE!
NEXT DAY AT SCHOOL
BETTY, I, I'M AWFULLY SORRY BUT MY GRANDMOTHER IS COMING IN SATURDAY NIGHT FROM KOKOMO AND
THAT'S ALL RIGHT ARCHIE! GOODY WANTED TO TAKE ME ANYWAY!
UP STAIRS
AT LAST! MONDAY MORNING AND JUGHEAD'S WOOING COMMITTEE IS OFF TO THE TRAIN WITH PALPITATING HEARTS TO MEET VIRGINIA'S PRIDE AND JOY, MARY ANN LEE—
HERE SHE COMES!
OBOY! WHAT A HONEY! I'LL BET THAT'S HER!
YOOHOO! COUSIN JUGHEAD! HERE AH AM!

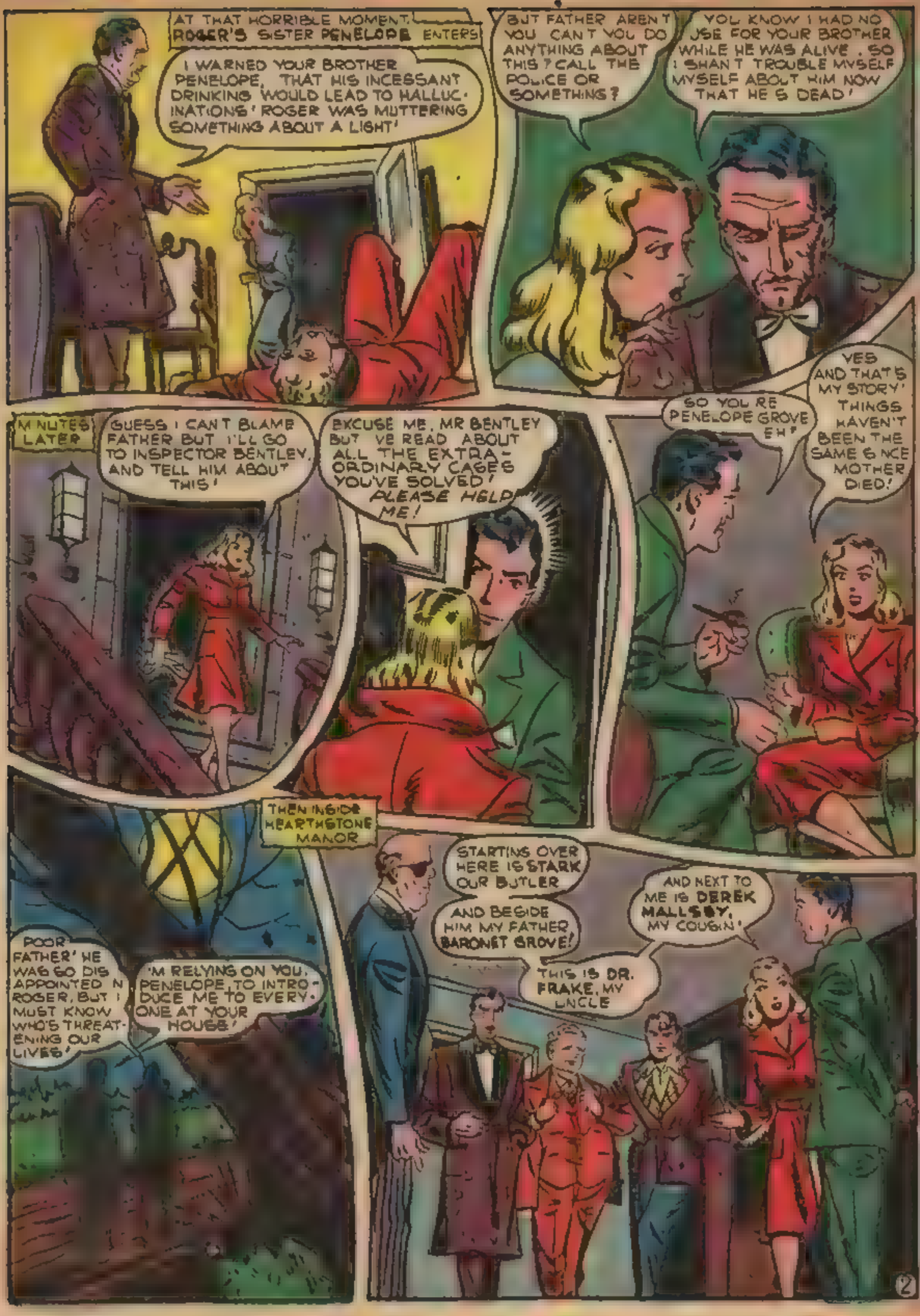

ERDALE
HONEST, FELLOWS, I DON'T KNOW SHE LOOKED LIKE THAT HONEST' BUT GEE WHIZ, NOW THAT SHE'S HERE YOU CAN AT LEAST BE KIND TO HER!
YEAH? BE KIND TO ANIMALS WAS LAST WEEK'
BOY! WHAT A COW!
WELL AHM SOOO GLAD AH MET YO-ALL. AN' DON'T YOU DARE FO'GET AH DATES'
YEAH — OR I TELL BETTY ABOUT YOUR GRANDMOTHER FROM KOKOMO'
GULP OH WE'LL BE THERE MARY ANN LEE'
TUES WED THURS AND FRI.
AND SHE'S GOT THE PEACHIEST SOUTHERN DRAWL—
NOTHING DOING, ARCHIE.. I'VE SEEN MARY ANN LEE!
WHAT!! SAY, I THOUGHT YOU WERE MY PAL TRYING TO UNLOAD THAT ON ME! IN THE FIRST PLACE I ALREADY HAVE A DATE SATURDAY NIGHT AND I'VE HEARD ABOUT MARY ANN LEE!
LISSEN, CHUM! YOU'RE TOO LATE, WILLIE AND EDDIE HAVE ALREADY BEEN HERE TRYING TO GET RID OF THEIR DATES WITH HER AND I'M NOT BLIND!
SAT NITE
GEE I DON'T SEE WHY YOU INSIST ON COMING HERE TONIGHT, MARY ANN LEE'
OH, AH JUST LOVE TO DANCE'
SHE WOULD'! I'LL PROBABLY NEED A GROUND CREW TO HANDLE HER'
TONIGHT
PIER DANCE
BETTY WILL BE HERE TONIGHT WITH GOODY, AND IF SHE SEES BROKE OUR DATE TO PUSH THIS GLOBULAR GLAMOR GIRL AROUND SHE'LL BE PLENTY SORE — OMIGOSH! HERE COMES BETTY NOW!

BUY, I GOT HER OVER HERE OUT OF SIGHT JUST IN TIME!
ONE SODA PLEASE ... BE RIGHT BACK I HAVE TO MAKE A PHONE CALL'
OH AH JUST ADORE SODAS, HONEY CHILE'
PHEW! ALL THAT MEAT AND NO POTATOES' NOW IF I CAN ONLY DIG UP SOME SUCKERS TO DANCE WITH HER!
HIYA, ARCHIE! HAV'N FUN?
GULP! OH HELLO, BETTY,'
WELL I'M BACK GOOD GOSH! DD YOU DRINK ALL THOSE?
YA KNOW HONEY CHILE, AH'M GETTING FULL OF SODAS' LE'S SWITCH TO ICE CREAM!
GEE WHIZ! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING CHEAPER THAN THIS'
COME ON MARY ANN LEE. I'LL TAKE YOU FOR A SPEED BOAT RIDE!
TAKE A 10 MILE SPEED BOAT RIDE - HERE! GOING RIGHT OUT! AHEM I THINK YOUR G.RL FRIEND BETTER S T UP HERE, 'BUD' IN THE MIDDLE!
OKAY JOE' SHOVE OFF!
5981-2
PRRRRVV
HONEY CHILE! HONEY CHILE' COME BACK!

SO LONG, MARY ANN LEE! HAVE A NICE RIDE'
NOW TO GET BETTY AWAY FROM THAT WOLF GOODY!'
OKAY, GOODY BREAK!
HUH? OH IT'S YOU! ALL RIGHT, YOU DON'T HAVE TO FRACTURE MY COLLAR BONE'
WELL, I DIDN'T EXPECT TO SEE YOU HERE ARCHIE! WHERE'S YOUR PARTNER?
'GULP' MY PARTNER?
OH! THERE SHE IS OVER THERE BY THAT POST'
MY MY! GRANDMA MUST TAKE GOOD CARE OF HERSELF OUT IN KOKOMO'
SPEED BOAT RETURNING HERE! READY FOR NEXT RIDE!
ER--EXCUSE ME, BETTY! I--I--JUST REMEMBERED I HAVE TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT PHONE CALL'
HOLY COW! THAT WAS MY LAST FIFTEEN CENTS! HOW WILL I TAKE THIS SODA GUZZLER HOME?
I HATE TO DO THIS--BUT,
SAY, GOODY COULD YOU LEND ME A BUCK TO TAKE MY GRL HOME?
WHY, YOU CAN RIDE HOME WITH US, ARCHIE! THERE'S PLENTY OF ROOM IN THE RUMBLE SEAT'
15


OH NO! I CAN'T...ER.. I MEAN I WOULDN'T WANT TO PUT YOU TWO OUT. THANKS JUST THE SAME, BUT..
WHAT'S THIS? YOU CAN'T DO WHAT, ARCHIE?
ARCHIE WANTS TO RIDE HOME WITH US, BETTY!
?
OH FINE! WE'LL MEET YOU OUT FRONT IN THE CAR!
OUT SIDE AFTER THE DANCE
HEY, ARCHIE! OVER HERE COME ON!
OOOOH! WHAT'LL I DO NOW? THERE'S THE GIRL I TOLD BETTY WAS MY PARTNER!
COME ON! AREN'T YOU GONNA BRING YOUR GIRL?
OH HER? AH.. SHE.. LIVES HERE!
WELL, AREN'T YOU GOING TO SAY GOOD-NIGHT..OR EVEN KISS HER, ARCHIE?
OH SURE, YOU KNOW ME HEH HEH!
FRESH!
SLAP
HA HA HA HA
HERE AH COME, HONEY CHILE!
POP CORN
NEXT DAY
THAT'S ALL RIGHT, ARCHIE! YOU DON'T HAVE TO APOLOGIZE IN FACT, I THINK IT WAS VERY SWEET OF YOU TO SHOW MARY ANN LEE A GOOD TIME!
YOU DO? GEE WHIZ, YOU ALWAYS UNDERSTAND THINGS, BETTY! THAT'S WHY I LIKE YOU SO!
I LIKE YOU TOO— HONEY CHILE!
EM FLY'IN'
WELL, ARCHIE LEARNED HIS LESSON ABOUT CORNFED SOUTHERN GALS! WE'LL BET HE WON'T EVEN EAT SOUTHERN FRIED CHICKEN NOW...AND SPEAKING OF CHICKENS--REMEMBER VERONICA LODGE? (WHO COULD FORGET HER?) WELL, FOR SOME REAL FUN WATCH WHAT HAPPENS WHEN SHE INVITES ARCHIE TO NEW YORK OVER THE CHRISTMAS VACATION! DON'T MISS THE NEXT ISSUE OF PEP COMICS! ARCHIE ALSO APPEARS IN JACKPOT COMICS!


BANTEY
of Scotland Yard
TERROR IS ETCHED ALKOSS YOUNG ROGER GROVE S FACE! IS IT A NIGHTMARE' OR IS T MURDER?
MALEVOLENT AND HORRIBLE S THE ECHO NG CHUCKLE OF THE GRIM REAPER. DEATH AS IT HOVERS OVER HEARTHSTONE MANOR 'SLOWLY IT CLAMS VICTIM AFTER VICTM IN THE UNPARALLELED CASE OF THE LIGHT THAT LIVES!
AWAKENED BY THE SCREAMS OF H S SON, BARONET GROVE BURSTS INTO THE ROOM
ROGER! ROGER - WHAT S THE MATTER?
SPEAK SON!
TH-THE LIGHT THAT LIVES! AAAARGH!


AT THAT HORRIBLE MOMENT, ROGER'S SISTER PENELOPE ENTERS
I WARNED YOUR BROTHER PENELOPE, THAT HIS INCESSANT DRINKING WOULD LEAD TO HALLUCINATIONS' ROGER WAS MUTTERING SOMETHING ABOUT A LIGHT'
BUT FATHER AREN'T YOU CAN'T YOU DO ANYTHING ABOUT THIS? CALL THE POLICE OR SOMETHING?
YOU KNOW I HAD NO USE FOR YOUR BROTHER WHILE HE WAS ALIVE. SO I SHAN'T TROUBLE MYSELF MYSELF ABOUT HIM NOW THAT HE'S DEAD'
YES AND THAT'S MY STORY' THINGS HAVEN'T BEEN THE SAME SINCE MOTHER DIED!
SO YOU'RE PENELOPE GROVE EH'
MINUTES LATER
GUESS I CAN'T BLAME FATHER BUT I'LL GO TO INSPECTOR BENTLEY, AND TELL HIM ABOUT THIS'
EXCUSE ME, MR BENTLEY BUT I'VE READ ABOUT ALL THE EXTRAORDINARY CASES YOU'VE SOLVED' PLEASE HELP ME!
THEN INSIDE HEARTHSTONE MANOR
STARTING OVER HERE IS STARK OUR BUTLER
AND BESIDE HIM MY FATHER, BARONET GROVE!
AND NEXT TO ME IS DEREK MALLSBY, MY COUSIN'
THIS IS DR. FRAKE, MY UNCLE
'M RELYING ON YOU, PENELOPE, TO INTRODUCE ME TO EVERYONE AT YOUR HOUSE'
POOR FATHER' HE WAS SO DISAPPOINTED N ROGER, BUT I MUST KNOW WHO'S THREATENING OUR LIVES'
2

I WANT TO SEE THE BODY STARK! SHOW IT TO ME!
RIGHT THIS WAY, SIR!
THERE'S YOUNG MASTER ROGER, SIR! POOR LAD! NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME—I HAVE ER SOMETHING TO ATTEND TO. ER. IN THE PANTRY SIR!
THAT NIGHT AFTER EVERYONE RETIRES BENTLEY PACES HIS ROOM UNABLE TO SLEEP
HMM! VERY STRANGE MARKINGS ON HIS FACE AND NECK! THINK I'LL STAY HERE — THINGS MAY BE HAPPENING BEFORE MORNING!
THE FUNNY THING ABOUT THIS CASE IS THAT THERE'S NO MOTIVE FOR THE CRIME! NOBODY LIKES TO TALK ABOUT ROGER! ONLY HIS FATHER, THE BARONET, WAS DISGUSTED WITH THE BOY!
TWENTY PACES DOWN THE HALL PENELOPE GRIMES PREPARES FOR BED
I FEEL SAFER NOW THAT BENTLEY IS HERE .. IF ANYONE CAN CATCH THE MURDERER, IT'S HE.. OOOH, I'M TIRED!
THE CLOCK IS WOUND, THE SLIPPERS UNDER THE BED AND SOON PENELOPE DOZES OFF
SUDDENLY, A BLACK SHADOW FALLS ACROSS THE TERRIFIED GIRL'S FACE
YEEEEOWW!
JUMPING JEHOSOPHAT! THAT SOUNDS LIKE MURDER AND IT COMES FROM DOWN THERE!
3

DON'T TELL ME I'M TOO LATE! GOOD! SHE'S STILL BREATHING!
THE LIGHT THAT LIVES!
THAT SETTLES IT! I'M SURE I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS!
AS SOON AS THE DOOR CLOSES
MISS GROVE IS ALL RIGHT NOW - YOU MEN GO BACK TO YOUR ROOMS!
AHH BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND THIS LIVING LIGHT BUSINESS!
DO YOU KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS BENTLEY?
NO, BUT MY BLUFF WILL DRAW HIM OUT I'M SURE OF IT
YOU NEEDN'T WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING! I'LL KEEP WATCH FROM THE BALCONY! NOW TRY AND GET SOME SLEEP!
AS BENTLEY LEAVES PENELOPES ROOM, HE HEARS BELOW
A MURDERER THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, STARK, A MURDERER!
YOU'RE A FINE ONE TO ACCUSE ME, MALLORY! YOU'RE WAITING TO GET YOUR HANDS ON THE INHERITANCE - THE TRUST FUND THE LATE MRS GROVE SET UP FOR POOR ROGER AND PENELOPE!
WHY, YOU
SMUG FACED HYPOCRITICAL OLD DUFFER!
WORDS! WORDS MY BOY!
4

HERE, HERE, STOP IT, YOU TWO! I TOLD YOU TO GET UP TO YOUR ROOMS, AND I MEANT IT!
AS DARKNESS SETTLES OVER HEARTHSTONE MANOR, BENTLEY KEEPS A VIGIL ON THE BALCONY...
HMM..SOMETHING SEEMS TO BE MOVING IN THE SHADOWS OVER THERE!
SUDDENLY...
CRACK!
A MYSTERIOUS FORM HURTLES BENTLEY OVER THE BALCONY..
..BUT IN THE NICK OF TIME HE GAINS CONSCIOUSNESS AND GRABS AT THE CREEPING VINES...
IN A MINUTE HE REACHES THE BALCONY..
SHADOWS FROM BEHIND THAT WINDOW, EH?
FUNNY! NO ONE IN HERE - BUT WAIT!!!
WHAT'S THIS? OH, NO! IT ISN'T POSSIBLE!
I KNOW WHO THE MURDERER IS NOW! A VERY INGENIOUS CRIME - ALMOST PERFECT!

BENTLEY HAS DEDUCED WHO THE MURDERER IS!!! WHY WERE THE MURDERS COMMITTED? AND HOW? WHAT IS THE MYSTERIOUS "LIGHT THAT LIVES"? CHOOSE YOUR SUSPECT AND TURN THE PAGE...IS IT BARONET GROVE? PENELOPE GROVE? DR FRAKE? DEREK MALLSBY?..OR STARK, THE BUTLER?

I'LL JUST FOLLOW THIS VENTILATOR UNTIL I REACH THE ROOM OF
YOU, BARONET GROVE! GET AWAY FROM THE GRILL OF THAT VENTILATOR, AND FAST!
WHAT HAVE WE HERE? A SNAKE! JUST AS I SUSPECTED!
VERY CLEVER, MY DEAR BARONET! YOU SENT THE SNAKE DOWN THE VENTILATOR GRILL - AND IT CRAWLED INTO THE ROOMS OF YOUR VICTIMS YOU COVERED THE SNAKE WITH PHOSPHORESCENT PAINT— SO THAT IN THE DARKNESS IT APPEARED TO BE A MOVING, LIVING LIGHT!
THAT'S WHAT ROGER MEANT WHEN HE SAID THE LIGHT THAT LIVES! AND YOUR MOTIVE WAS TO GAIN THE ENTIRE TRUST FUND LEFT BY YOUR WIFE FOR YOUR CHILDREN — FOR YOURSELF!
YOU'LL NEVER GET ME, BENTLEY! THE FANGS OF THIS COBRA ARE DEADLY!
BUT FATE SUDDENLY TWISTS HER WEIRD WHEEL AND THE COBRA STRIKES ITS MASTER. QUICKLY BENTLEY PULLS A GUN FROM HIS POCKET AND FIRES, KILLING THE SNAKE — BUT TOO LATE...
AAARGH!
THAT REPTILE SAVED SCOTLAND YARD THE TROUBLE OF CONVICTING ANOTHER MURDERER! TWO SNAKES ON THE FLOOR — ONE SCALY AND ONE HUMAN!

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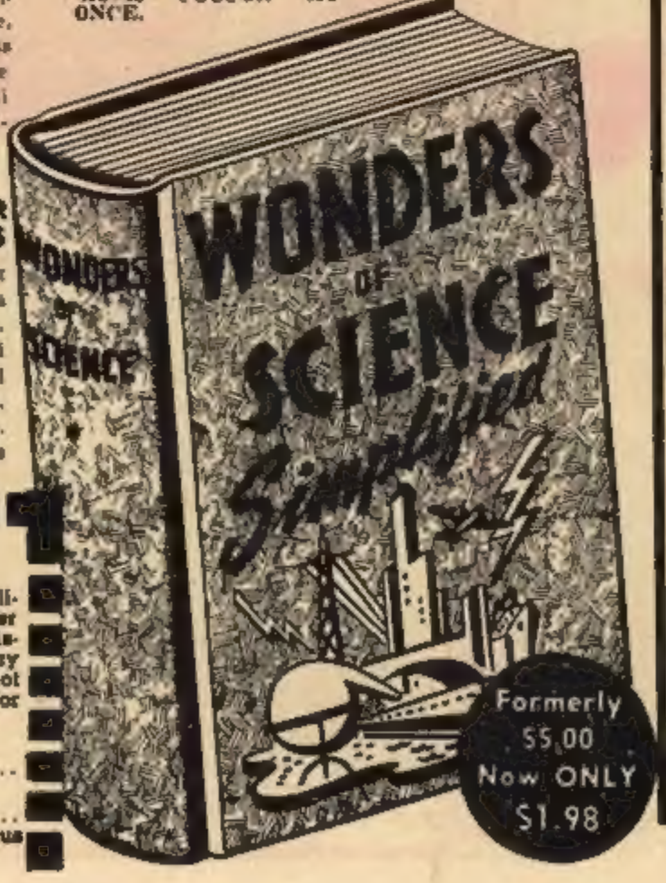

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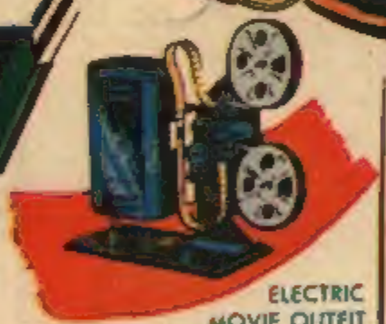

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